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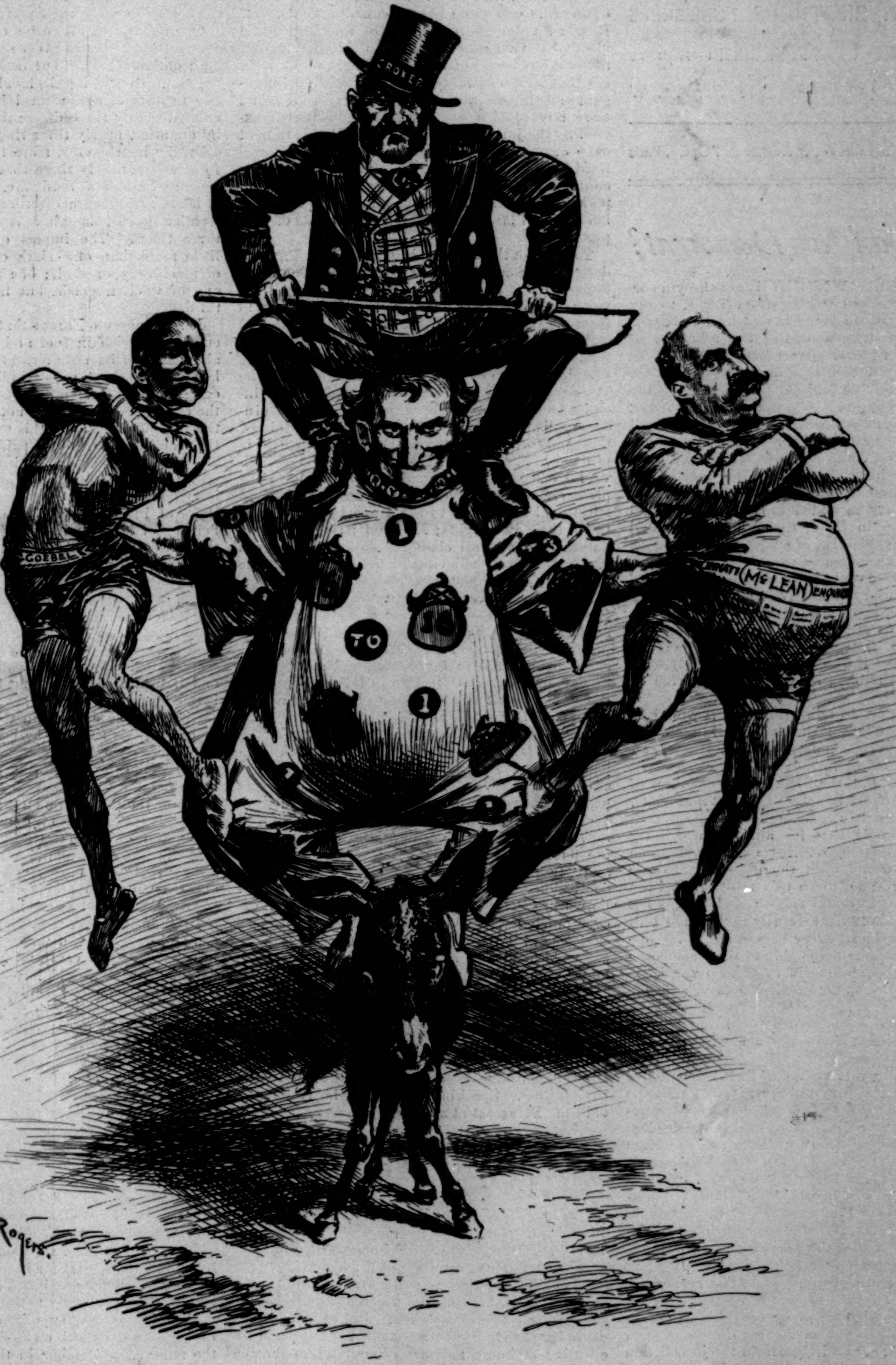
CROKER
GOEBEL
(McLEAN)
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TO
1
W. A. Rogers.

THE DEMOCRATIC DONKEY (*loquitur*): "IT MAY BE SPORT FOR THEM, BUT IT'S DEATH FOR ME!"

Harper's Weekly

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

New York City, November 4, 1899

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Is Bryan a Democrat?

HARPER'S WEEKLY is asked, by a correspondent writing from Texas, to say a word on Mr. Bryan's un-Democratic proposition touching the relations of the Federal government to trusts. It would be very difficult to state precisely Mr. Bryan's view on this subject. We can quote the language of his speech at Chicago, but Mr. Bourke Cockran happily characterized that as mere sound which was incomprehensible. While, therefore, we cannot undertake to interpret Mr. Bryan, or to state explicitly his opinion as to the duty of the Federal government towards trusts, or its power over them, it may be stated broadly that he and his fellows are in favor, through constitutional amendment or otherwise, of suppressing trusts by means of the judicial machinery of the general government, and hold that to this end Congress should enact the necessary repressive and penal legislation. Our correspondent is of the opinion that such a policy as Mr. Bryan's is "un-Democratic, and violative of State sovereignty"; and he is undoubtedly correct, if we are to consider merely what may be called the historic Democratic doctrine on this subject.

In view of that doctrine, however, it would be necessary to hold that the existing law against trusts is unconstitutional. When the anti-trust law of 1890 was first introduced in the Senate by Mr. John Sherman, the Democratic members of that body, especially Senators George and Vest, made such a successful onslaught upon it, on constitutional grounds, that its authors practically withdrew it at once by offering a substitute which they thought would meet the objections to the original measure; but even this substitute did not satisfy the constitutional critics; and it was not until Senator Edmunds carefully revised the bill, changing it in almost every respect but in its purpose, that it became acceptable to the Democratic Senators; and every one of those who voted, except Senator Blodgett of New Jersey, supported the bill. But in the House of Representatives the ablest Democrats of the old school voted against the bill, undoubtedly on constitutional grounds.

In considering this action of the Democrats of that time, it is necessary to bear in mind that the proposed legislation was a response to an overwhelming popular demand, by which the leaders of both parties were strongly affected. Democrats as well as Republicans wished to meet this demand, and to gratify the voters of the country. Self-interest, therefore, was involved, and it was doubtless for the reason that they feared the effect on their constituents of further opposition to anti-trust legislation that the majority of the Democrats in Congress either voted for the Edmunds substitute or refrained from giving any vote at all. Moreover, the subjects of this legislation were inter-State and foreign commerce—subjects which in themselves, and so far as the regulation of such commerce goes, are entirely within the jurisdiction of Congress.

Mr. Bryan's new doctrine is, therefore, a departure from historic Democratic doctrine. He and his followers have no longer the beliefs or the doubts which moved the minds of the Democratic lawyers of less than ten years ago. They are now no longer concerned to defend State sovereignty, or the right to local self-government, where the advocacy of a breach of either helps them to win votes. It is true that the extension of the powers of the Federal government is sought, by some, through a constitutional amendment, but that does not affect the merits of the question raised by our correspondent. The Democratic doctrine was, in effect, that the individual citizen should be directly subject to the laws of his State, and that the laws of the nation should operate directly on the State, and not on the individual. Now so-called trusts are really corporations formed under the laws of the several States, and, according to Democratic doctrines, ought to be subject alone to the jurisdiction of the several States which have brought them into being. This Democratic theory or doctrine was more than a constitutional tenet. It was an essential principle of the Democratic ideas of the character of the twofold government, not as it had been established, but as it ought to be. No Democrat of twenty years ago, and no intelligent and sincere Democrat of ten years ago, would have advocated a constitutional amendment extending the jurisdiction of the Federal government over citizens beyond the point at which it was fixed by the Constitution. Therefore Mr. Bryan's contention is essentially contrary to the traditional policy of his party, as well as contrary to the opinion of sound lawyers and sound economists of both parties.

This is not the solitary instance of Mr. Bryan's departure from his party's traditions. The truth is he is not a Democrat in the old sense, and the party behind him is not Democratic according to former party standards. It has captured the old organization and retained the old name, but the name is no longer descriptive or suggestive of the principles of the men who once led the party. The Democratic party was for individualism. Its principles have never been better stated than in the Indianapolis platform of 1896. Among other things, that platform said: "The Democratic party is pledged . . . . to the largest freedom of the individual consistent with good government; to the preservation of the Federal government in its constitutional vigor, and to the support of the States in all their just rights; . . . . and it is opposed to paternalism and all class legislation." So far is Mr. Bryan from believing in this sort of doctrine that his Chicago platform, besides the silver heresy, contained several declarations in favor of objects directly opposed to Democratic principles as set forth generally in the words of the Indianapolis platform just quoted. The Chicago platform, for example, declared in favor of government paper money, of Federal arbitration in labor disputes, of the enlargement of the power of the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

These were the un-Democratic utterances of the Chicago platform; but Mr. Bryan also stood on the platform of the People's party, with Mr. Watson as candidate for Vice-President. This platform was paternalism run mad. Its authors and candidates demanded government ownership and operation of railroads and telegraph lines, the reclamation of the public lands heretofore granted to railroads, and "free homes." It asserted that in times of depression idle labor should be employed on public works. These facts indicate plainly that however much Mr. Bryan's views as to the power of the Federal government over trusts may differ from old-fashioned Democracy, they are in harmony with his own political tenets, for Mr. Bryan suits his principles to his political needs. He favors State rights when he seeks the votes of men whose assaults upon the postal laws or upon inter-State commerce have brought them within the equity-jurisdiction of the Federal courts, and he is for centralization of power when that best suits his purpose. Speaking generally, he is not an old-time Democrat at all; he is a modern socialist.

The Most Significant Fact in the World

TWO years ago the Prime Minister of Austria-Hungary warned Europe of the dangers of the economic competition of the United States, and urged that measures of self-defence be taken. But what measures could be taken? Protective tariffs are but partially effective at home, and are of course inapplicable to foreign markets. The European manufacturer has seen his orders from the United States rapidly decrease, and has not only encountered American competition in Asia, Africa, and South America, but found his own neighbors giving orders to the commercial travellers of American houses; but what can he do?

Nothing in the world's commercial history is more remarkable than the development of the export trade of the United States in the past six years, and a striking sign of the times is an exposition and a commercial congress in Philadelphia designed to promote foreign trade. Six years ago the imports and exports of the United States nearly equalled each other, the imports being slightly in excess. In the fiscal year 1899 the imports had decreased about $170,000,000, and the exports had increased $380,000,000, and exceeded the imports by $530,000,000, and this excess in the previous fiscal year was $615,000,000. No other commerce is so one-sided as this, except that of some tropical countries, whose imports are scanty because of the primitive state of their civilization, and whose exports are great because the climate is their partner.

Our exports of all forms of iron and steel are nearly three times as great as they were six years ago; our imports are but little more than a third as great. Comparing the fiscal years 1899 and 1893, our exports of agricultural implements have increased nearly three times; those of cotton cloths, by quantity, nearly three times; of electrical and scientific instruments, more than three times; of locomotives, nearly three times; of steel rails, ten times; of builders' hardware, nearly three times; of boots and shoes, more than four times; and of woollen goods, though a small item, more than three times. The import of tin plates is but little more than one-sixth of what it was; that of machinery, one-half; of silk goods, two-thirds; and of woollen goods, but little more than one-third.

It is no news to Europe that the United States is enormously rich in fuel and materials. But the abundance of its resources afforded a demand for labor which kept wages high. Economists, and occasionally a foreign manufacturer, observed that the cost of production was not measured strictly by the rate of wages; but this was a hard saying for the practical man, and he paid little attention to it. The man who is paying high wages, in competition with another who is paying low wages, is not much impressed by the disquisitions of writers, or even by those of his foreign rivals, upon the relative efficiency of labor and the wide difference between the rate of wages and the labor cost. But the price of labor on the one hand, and the rapidly expanding demand of a fast-growing population on the other, at the same time forced and encouraged the American manufacturer to a larger use of machinery and a constant improvement in his methods, while the better diet of the American worker, together with the atmosphere of political and industrial freedom, and the opportunities for bettering his condition, gave the workman the ability and the disposition to work more rapidly, and to use his time to the best advantage of both his employer and himself. The result has been a remarkable decrease in the cost of production, and the economic theorists were vindicated at the expense of the practical men when the Governor of Pennsylvania, in opening an exposition for the promotion of foreign trade, pointed to the fact that the American manufacturers who are underselling their European rivals in neutral markets, and even in the markets of those rivals, are still paying the highest wages in the world.

No industrial fact more important for the world can be imagined than that the United States, with larger supplies of coal and materials than any of its competitors, should have demonstrated that it can produce more cheaply than they in many lines—and if in many lines, why not in all? The United States is now producing pig-iron at a rate twice as great as that of Germany last year, and fifty or sixty per cent. greater than that of England. The export of locomotives in the last fiscal year was very nearly the same as that of Great Britain for the twelve months last reported, and the exports of cotton cloths and boots and shoes, which were among the last to feel the impetus of foreign trade, are increasing rapidly, and even woollen goods have been exported to the extent of more than a million dollars in a year. Six years ago the foreign trade was a mere waste-weir for goods that accumulated because the home demand suddenly fell off. Now manufacturers in every line are reaching out for it, and municipalities are seeking to encourage it. Visions of a vast Oriental trade are already taking shape.

With the greatest supplies of fuel and materials, the most economical methods of production, and the most efficient labor in the world, the time is close at hand when the United States will be recognized as the greatest manufacturing nation, and in spite of the immense home consumption, it must speedily thereafter become the greatest of exporters.

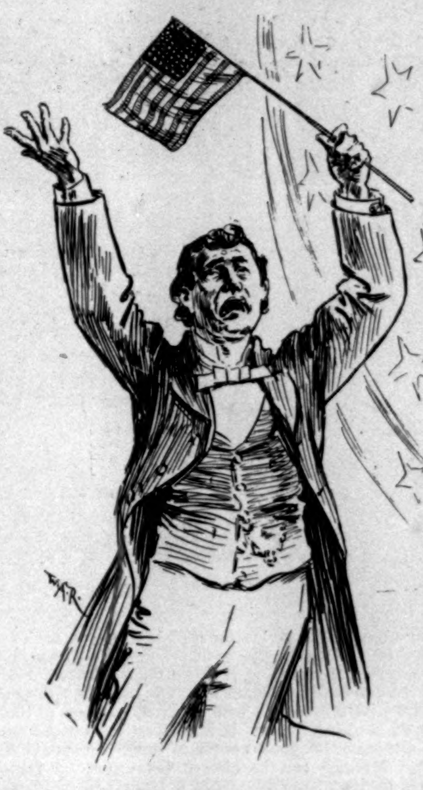
POLITICS IN OHIO. *By Henry Loomis Nelson*

ILLUSTRATED WITH SKETCHES FROM LIFE BY W. A. ROGERS

THERE must be some significance in the general, almost unconscious, conjunction of the Democratic candidates in Ohio and Kentucky as representative of the same political forces. McLean and Goebel are not at all alike personally, but their codes of politics are identical. Years ago McLean would have been scouted as a candidate, on account of his personal character; and even now, when he is regarded by his acquaintances as a changed man, and when the more liberal and fair of his Republican opponents agree to leave his old reputation out of the reckoning, the country press is ringing with accounts of his breezy days in a manner which almost brings them within the jurisdiction of the postal laws. Goebel has no vices that are not political. He is such a model of cold-blooded propriety that it seems strange he has not set up as a professional gambler. At present McLean passes everywhere for a charming man of the world—kindly, hospitable, charitable, and domestic. In certain parts of the country, and in Washington, where he lives, all that was said of him in the past has been forgotten or forgiven; but here in Ohio, which used to be his home, but which has not been for many years, for reasons that are excellent in his own mind, it has at least not been forgotten. Different as the two men are in their training, their lives, and their social surroundings, they look on government and its opportunities from the same low plane. They are in politics for their own advancement, and the idea that the functions of government should be administered for the public welfare, or even in accordance with the law, has never occurred to either of them. Goebel, in the present campaign at least, has no views whatever to express on national issues. He is seeking the Governorship on a State issue—hostility to the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company. McLean and his orators are forced to talk on national issues, for this is the President's State, and the Democratic candidate for Governor must make headway, if he can, against the President's policy and the President's popularity.

THE SILVER ISSUE

It is a striking feature, however, of the Ohio campaign that nothing is said of silver. Here and in Kentucky Mr. Bryan is about to discover, if he is in a mood to talk to the local magnates, who have determined to permit him to talk to none but his ostensible friends, that the silver issue has no potency. It is as dead as Julius Cæsar. Kentucky never was a silver State, and prosperity has destroyed whatever cheap-money sentiment there ever was there and in Ohio. If Bryan were this year the candidate on the Chicago platform in either of these two States, there would be no doubt as to the result. He would be overwhelmingly defeated. McLean avoids the silver question for this reason, giving it, of course, a perfunctory salute, as to an old friend between whom and himself congeniality has worn out. His principal and most telling point is antagonism to trusts, and this must be almost as uncongenial to him as the heresy of free coinage of silver; for McLean is a very rich man, a very successful speculator, a man who does not ignore the great economic tendency of the age, and who would profit personally, if he had the opportunity, by trusts, and the methods of trusts, as willingly and quickly as the most habitual trust manager of whom one can think. Indeed, I should be surprised if trust securities were not among his choice possessions. He also says something now and then against imperialism, but this issue as a "vote-getter" does not appeal to him quite so strongly as the anti-trust question. There is no doubt about his attitude on it. He is out and out in opposition to the Federal administration on every subject of national politics, but he is not with Bryan on the one issue which as yet is Bryan's chief plank, and on which he must stand as if there were no other plank in the next campaign, unless the issue absolutely ceases to exist. The abandonment of the silver issue by McLean is symptomatic. It is as easy, of course, for this modern politician to abandon as to take up an issue. He lays aside his principles as he does a worn-out pair of shoes, when they are no longer serviceable to him in his tramp towards place and power. But this time the indication is that McLean is not really a Bryan man, and, as I suggested in my letter about Kentucky, Bryan had best keep a keen eye on the precious pair of Ohio River pirates who are seeking the control of the Democratic party of the Middle West. Bryan is not their kind of man. Wrong-headed, ill-informed, perverse, and dangerous as he is, he is a man of principle. His principles are bad. His success would be dangerous to the welfare of the community. But he believes the foolish doctrines he teaches, and even prefers them to the flesh-pots of public plunder. He would sacrifice to them McLean, Goebel, Croker, Gorman, even himself. He is fanatic enough for that. It is true that he may lay aside silver in the next campaign if he be the candidate, and may think anti-trustism or anti-imperialism to be the more important issue, but whatever issue he chooses it will be for its success, and not for the advancement of individual greed, that he will make his contest and exert his powers. The greed of his followers will probably be satisfied if he win the day; but that will be an incident of his success, not the purpose of his struggle. McLean and Goebel do not, and cannot, understand this kind of politics. Such a campaign as Bryan makes is pure foolishness in their estimation; and when it comes down to the practical question, they do not see "what there is in it for them" in such a Quixotic performance. Therefore there is a common, if ill-defined, impression abroad that these two are quite ready to defeat Bryan's hope; and if they carry the two States of Kentucky and Ohio, there is likely to be an alliance between the leaders of the Democratic party who are out for plunder and the leaders, sincere and otherwise, who are bent on the overthrow of the existing order for the apparent benefit of the discontented. There is no doubt



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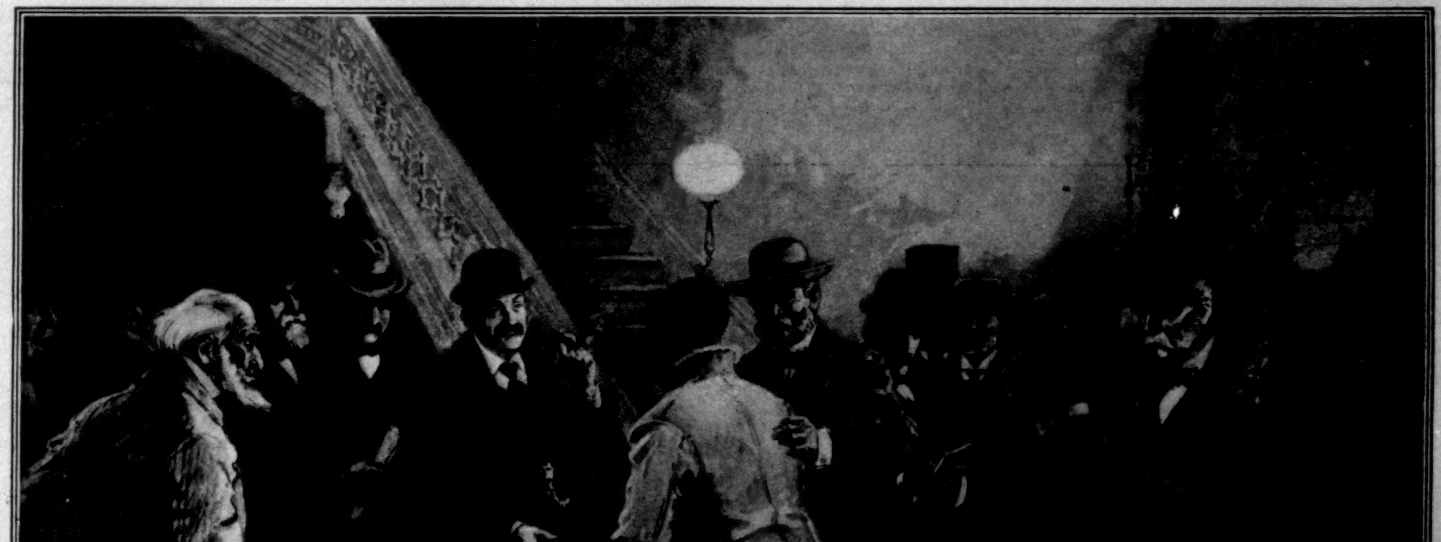
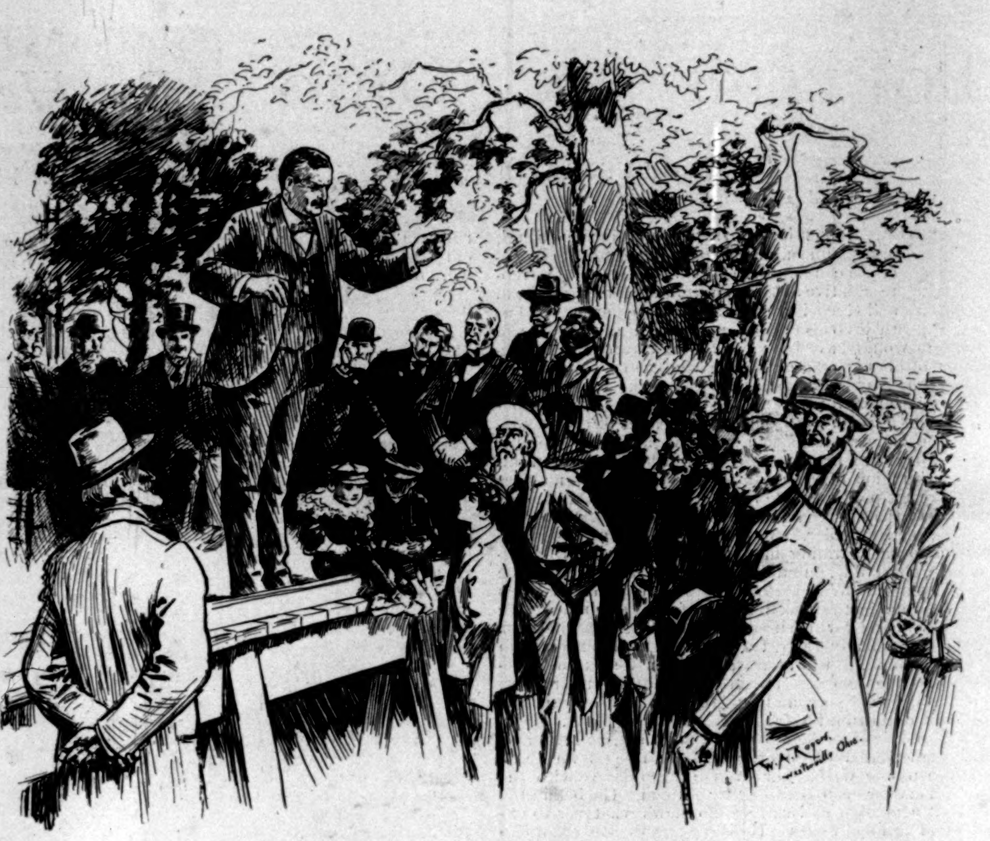


JUDGE NASH HOLDS A RECEPTION IN A HOTEL LOBBY AT NEWARK, OHIO.

that the greedy can make a great show of strength in the national convention. They can have New England, George Fred Williams to the contrary notwithstanding. They can have New York, New Jersey, and Maryland; and they can have the Middle West, especially Illinois—and the latter whether Altgeld or Carter Harrison is in the ascendant. In such a struggle Bryan's strength will be in his own State, even if he loses the election this year, in the South, and possibly in the extreme Northwest, but it is doubtful if he can count on the States of the Pacific coast. These revelations of the meaning of the political movement in this part of the country seem to me to constitute the importance of the State campaigns in Ohio and Kentucky.

A good many Democrats who are strongly opposed to Bryan and his doctrines have nevertheless remained loyal to the party, notwithstanding the fact that the party means nothing to them so far as principle is concerned. They voted for Bryan and against their principles in 1896. Others, who voted for Palmer and Buckner, or even for McKinley, have been hoping that something would happen before the next Presidential campaign that would enable them to return to their old party, or, to put it more accurately, that would bring back their old party to them. Not one of these rebels of 1896 ever expected to vote for Bryan; but it would not be strange—I judge from what I have heard them say—if they should unite with the honest men of the silver faction to fight for Bryan and against the bosses. It would certainly be a strange spectacle, that of Bryan representing all that is left of decency in the Democratic party, but it is far from being impossible. The people of New York can recall an incident in their own political history not unlike it, for when Murphy and Croker became national and State leaders David B. Hill became perforce by far the most far-seeing and least impure statesman of his party. Already in Kentucky the revolt of honest silver Democrats against Goebel and Blackburn has promoted friendly feelings between them and the gold Democrats. It may be odd, but what better breeder of oddities than party politics is there?


W. A. Rogers, Westerville Ohio.

MAYOR JONES SPEAKING AT THE COUNTY FAIR, WESTERVILLE.

THE OHIO CAMPAIGN

Significant as is the campaign in this State in respect to national politics, and especially as to the fortunes of Bryan, national issues are not entirely controlling in the contest between the Republican and Democratic candidates for Governor. This is because two objectionable personalities are the most prominent individual factors in the campaign. One is McLean himself, and the other is Senator Hanna. McLean is obnoxious to every decent Democrat in the State, and Senator Hanna is exceedingly unpopular. He is injuring the President as well as Judge Nash, the candidate for Governor, and it is a serious misfortune to the Republican party and its ticket that Hanna obtrudes himself so conspicuously upon the public gaze.

All the Republicans with whom I have talked, including men who look upon the public's attitude towards Hanna as an injustice to the man they regard as an able party leader, say that the campaign would not appear to be so close if it were not for Hanna. He is regarded as the impersonation of everything that McLean is attacking in his war against the trusts; but what seems to be especially resented by Ohio Republicans is the Senator's ostentatious intimacy with the President. He seems to be always standing between Mr. McKinley and the people, and the people of Ohio resent it, and some of them are inclined to show their resentment by voting for McLean. It is not the part of wisdom or justice, perhaps, so far as the feeling affects Judge Nash, who is generally recognized as a good candidate, but it is certainly a factor in the campaign, about the result of which there would otherwise be no possible doubt. Even as it is, the Republican leaders profess to be sure that McLean will be defeated; but it is strange, in a campaign fought so largely as this one is on national issues, to find Republicans, protectionists and imperialists, determined to vote for McLean on account of their dislike for Hanna, and Democrats, free-traders and anti-imperialists, determined to vote for Nash because of their distrust of McLean. How it is all coming out no one knows, although the good people of the State cannot believe that McLean can be elected Governor. A factor who may be important is "Golden Rule" Jones of Toledo, who is running himself for Governor. I happen to know several Democrats of the better class who think that Jones will be a refuge for many Democrats who do not want to vote for McLean, and, by the same token, he may be a refuge for some Republicans. At any rate, it is too near election day to be risking predictions, and that is evidently what the State politicians think, for it is impossible to get a confident note from those of either party. It is the sort of campaign which may be as close as it looks. At the same time its indefiniteness is so great that it may result in an overwhelming majority. If that is so, I think it will be the Republican candidate who will come out ahead, in which event Mr. McKinley will have gained a triumph despite some serious obstacles, and Mr. McLean will suffer a defeat partly because of his character.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, *October 16.*

MR. McLEAN ARRIVES IN A SMALL TOWN ON HIS STUMPING TOUR THROUGH THE STATE.

The Dewey House

THE home in Washington which Admiral Dewey has just received as the joint gift of thousands of his grateful countrymen, figures in the directories as No. 1747 Rhode Island Avenue. It is a substantial brick dwelling with brownstone trimmings, twenty-five feet wide and four stories in height, with a two-story bay-window leading up to a pyramidal tower. It stands on a terrace perhaps three feet above the street level, facing south, and looking out upon the point where Rhode Island Avenue, M Street, and Connecticut Avenue meet. Its situation for social accessibility and general convenience is unsurpassed.

The approach to the house is up a flight of stone steps with an ornamental iron railing, and the visitor enters a generous hall, wainscoted breast-high in panelled oak, and with an oak mantel and tiled fireplace on one side. The upper wall in the front of the hall is covered with lincrusta in dark maroon, studded with gilt fleurs-de-lis. The stairway, which follows the east wall, is screened from the front by an arch and heavy balustrade of oak with foliated carving. An antique rosewood clock with metal face stands beside the hearth.

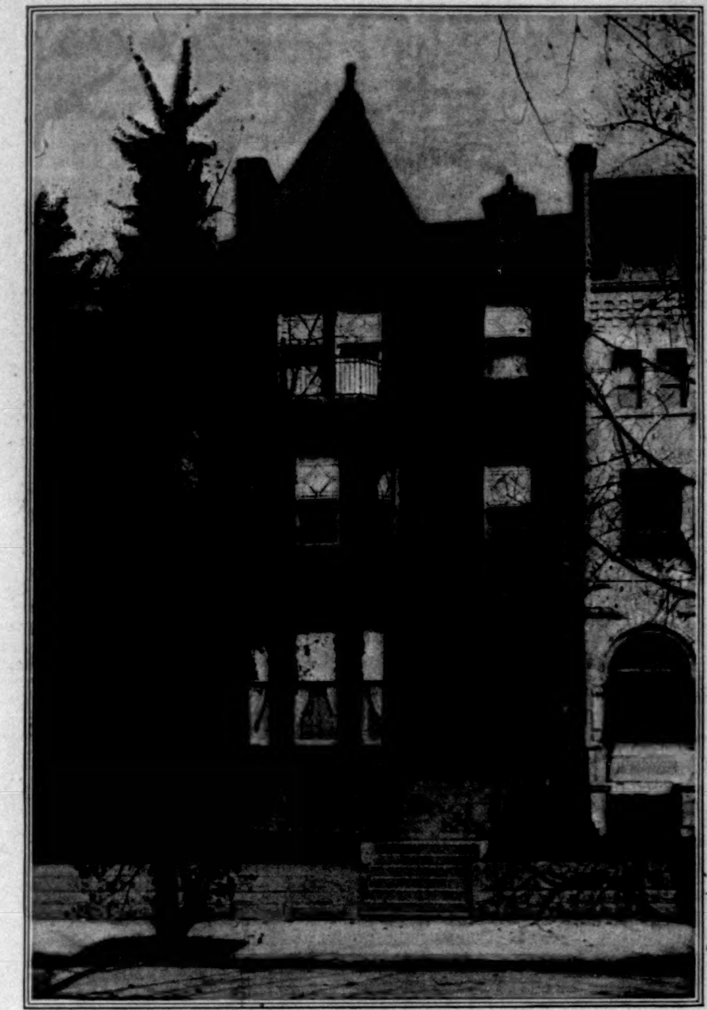
Back of the arch the wall is covered with a stamped paper of arabesque design in three colors, continuing to the top of the house. The stairway has a simple but solid-looking oak rail and balusters, but the treads are of natural cherry. The hall leads back to a butler's pantry, which overlooks a yard forty feet deep and well sodded. Of the living-rooms on this floor the front is the parlor, done in cream white and gilt, with a fireplace of buff terra-cotta blocks, moulded with a delicate floral design. White fluted pillars divide the room into two parts, the inner being finished in black oak, including a carved mantel, and low open bookshelves set in the recesses on either side of the chimney-breast. The walls and ceiling of this inner part are dark, and its only direct light in the daytime comes through a longitudinal stained-glass window set in the frieze.

Between sliding-doors we pass back into the dining-room, which is trimmed and furnished in mahogany and brown leather. The wall-paper is of dull green, with an embossed floral pattern, and the frieze is of bronzed lincrusta. A large sideboard is set in a shallow alcove on the west side of the room, and has for its centre a stained-glass window, stationary in the wall.

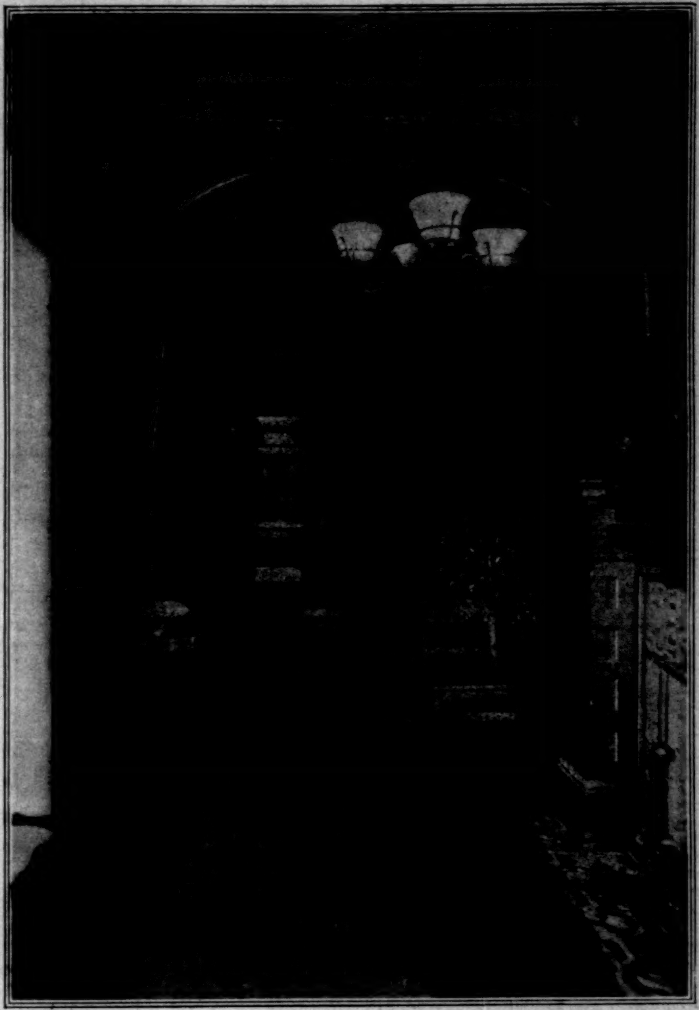
The second floor contains, in front, the square southwest room which the Admiral will use for his sleeping-apartment. It is finished, like all the chambers and the upper halls, in oiled and polished poplar. Opening out of it to the rear is a sunny bath-room, floored with white tiles. Another door leads to an inner dressing-closet, and that into a square middle chamber, furnished in maple, and lighted by a window overlooking the lawn of the next neighbor. The Admiral's bed is of heavy mahogany, with a dainty pattern in relief on the sides, head, and foot-boards. The rear of this story contains another square room, corresponding with the Admiral's chamber, designed to be used as a library, and furnished in rosewood. The two hall ends are, at the rear, a bath-room, and in front a little study or writing-room. The chambers on this floor are papered with a chintz pattern in dull colors.

The third story is divided like the second, and very simply decorated and furnished. Above this is an attic, left unfinished as a store-room in front, and the rest turned into three cheerful bed-rooms for servants.

The basement has for its main features a large airy kitchen in the rear, opening into an area, from which the yard is reached by a flight of stone steps. Toward the front are a series of rooms consisting of the laundry, a wine-cellar and store-room for viands, a furnace-room, and a coal-cellar. The house is heated by steam.



THE HOUSE—1747 RHODE ISLAND AVENUE, N. W.



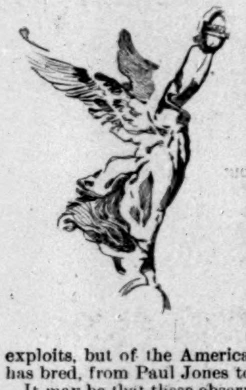
THE ENTRANCE-HALL.

THE FIRST FLOOR—VISTA THROUGH DRAWING-ROOM TO DINING-ROOM.

THE GRATITUDE OF A REPUBLIC—ADMIRAL DEWEY'S NEW RESIDENCE IN WASHINGTON, D. C., PRESENTED TO HIM BY POPULAR SUBSCRIPTION.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

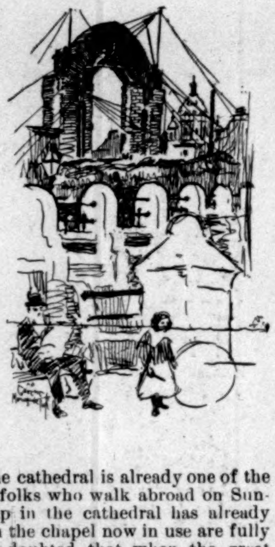
THE scheme for perpetuating the Dewey arch is a good scheme, provided a fit place for the arch can be found, and provided the arch itself can be so remodelled as to be fit to be perpetuated in marble. There is no question that the arch as it stands is admirable, but it does not follow that because an arch is good in "staff" the same arch would be good in marble. An arch is a structure that tends, in the course of ages, to fall apart from its own weight. If it is to last it must be massive. The wise men say that the Dewey arch, if put into marble as it stands, would not be massive enough to last.



Everybody calls the present arch the "Dewey arch," and very likely the marble arch, if there comes to be one, will go by the same title. But the intention, as the WEEKLY understands it, is that the permanent arch, if we get it, shall be a memorial of no single hero or his exploits, but of the American navy, and all the heroes it has bred, from Paul Jones to Sampson.

It may be that these observations are superfluous. The men who will build the arch, if it is built, know their business, and may doubtless be trusted to build it right, while the propriety of making so important a monument commemorate an adequate measure of glorious achievement seems self-evident.

A GREAT arch has rounded out its lines this last summer in New York which is well worth looking at as it is, and which gives, for the first time, some idea of the majesty of the growing structure of which it is a part. It belongs to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and catches the eye of every one who rides far enough up town on the west-side Elevated road, or comes by any other means into the neighborhood of Morningside Park. It is very big and massive, and its peak is 135 feet above the chapel floor, and not less than 150 feet from the ground. There are to be three more arches like it, and the four of them will hold up the main roof of the cathedral and enclose a quadrangle within it. This first great arch, in its nakedness, is more in sight and in some ways perhaps more impressive than it will be when its fellows have risen beside it and the other parts of the cathedral are farther advanced. It is inspiring as it is, and promotes activity in the imagination. All the work that is done nowadays in the great Protestant cathedral is above ground and shows. The years of spending great sums of money in the search for bed-rock and in building the foundations are past. Every stone placed now ministers to the edification of the public, and every donor has the satisfaction of regaling his eyes with the material evidence of his dollars.



The neighborhood of the cathedral is already one of the chief places of resort for folks who walk abroad on Sunday afternoons. Worship in the cathedral has already begun, and the services in the chapel now in use are fully attended. It cannot be doubted that when the great church is finished and goes into commission it will do a business that will amply warrant the expenditures which it will represent. It will be a grand and restful object for the eye to rest upon, too. Whoever has lived even a short time in New York has seen so many changes that it seems of doubtful expediency to hope to live merely to see more. Yet whoever lives to see the new public library and the new cathedral finished will have a good deal to repay him for his trouble, especially since while he is waiting he will probably see the underground railroad constructed, and two or three more great bridges over the East River, and perhaps one over the North River too.

DR. GEORGE ADAM SMITH, of the Free Church College of Glasgow, lately made a tour of observation in this country, and since his return home has relieved his mind of sundry views. He must have made a good impression here, for he was invited to be the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Chicago. He received good impressions also, for he speaks very handsomely of Americans. But he has said one extraordinary thing. Remarking that the Anglo-Saxons have always been pioneers in America, he observes:

> In Kentucky, unfortunately, we find an exception to the rule of Anglo-Saxon progress in education and religion. There the Calvinism of the last century has degenerated into an ignorant fatalism, and the Calvinistic formulas are made an excuse for gross misconduct. "I'm doomed to hell anyway," says the profligate; "I'll make the best of it." So he sins hard to make sure of what he wants in at least one life. On the other hand, an equally firm confidence in election to heaven emboldens many to an almost equal indulgence in vice. The one chance of these people is their religion, distorted though it be.

Kentucky has her peculiarities, and they have often excited comment, but never comment like this. Let us retire behind some reliable defence and wonder who told Dr. Smith all about Kentucky and what he told him. It must have been a narrative of power, for evidently it impressed its hearer. If these lines should ever incur the honor of the reverend and learned gentleman's attention, let him gather from them that, in all innocence, he has been too sweeping in his estimate of Kentucky. She abounds in Presbyterians, it is true, and whiskey and race-horses are her most famous and perhaps important products. Sinners do certainly abound in her borders, and they sin boldly, with revolvers and brass-bands; but still, none of us is used to speak or think of Kentucky as a State that is less progressive and enlightened than her neighbors. There is a grand exuberance about the Blue-Grass country of which Dr. Smith has not been duly advised, but which we all admire and incline to envy. It is true that the Kentuckian is not wholly civilized yet, but think of the graces that attend even his present stage of progress! Think of his hospitality, his eloquence, his protracted stature, his looks and the beauty of his wife and daughters, his power of expression when roused! It seems hardly possible that Dr. Smith can have made a personal investigation of Kentucky. If he had been there, and had come away safely, he would surely have realized that she was not a backward State, and that her Calvinism had not degenerated to so great a degree, or with such unfortunate practical results, as he has supposed.

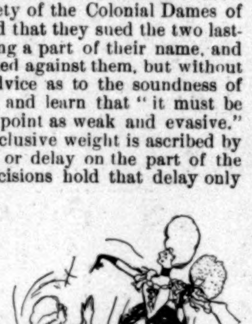
THE next sale at auction of the Herbert of Muckross estate at Killarney, in Ireland, is advertised to befall on November 21. The earth has been filled with rumors about the disposition of this estate. It includes a good part of the shore of the Killarney lakes, and many valuable associations—poetical, religious, and æsthetic. It was rumored a few months ago that Tammany Hall had bought it as a refuge for weary chiefs who were fain to rest beyond the seas. Again, Sir Thomas Lipton was supposed to have bought it, and it is believed that he really did make an offer for it. Miss Helen Gould and the Duke of Westminster have also been talked of as intending purchasers. A London insurance company owns the place now. Here's hoping that it may not be sold to any American, unless possibly to one who would make a public park of it.

AUCTION SALE LAKES OF KILLARNEY

GRANT ALLEN, the novelist, who died in England on October 25, was about fifty-one years old, and had been for some years past in infirm health. He wrote many books, on many subjects, and put knowledge, ideas, and literary skill into all of them. Since 1884 he has been known chiefly as a writer of stories and novels, and his work in that field has been notable enough to bring him extended reputation and many readers. Yet his preference seems to have been for the life of a student, and to deal as a writer with science, history, or philosophy. He tried that, and though he succeeded at it, his success was not adequate, and he took to fiction as a more profitable form in which to put what he knew.

He was born in Kingston, Ontario, in 1848, and was sent to Oxford, where he graduated in 1871 with high honors. For some years, until 1877, he was a professor in Queen's College, Jamaica. Ill health sent him from there back to England, and he took to the trade of letters. He made his way as a writer with great labor and much difficulty, making his first success with popular articles on scientific subjects. He had a great deal to say, and was apt to say it, and some of his later novels offended the sense of propriety of a good many persons, and were frowned upon by the British matron. They say he looked upon letters as a hard calling, and was used to say, "Don't take to literature if you can get a broom and find a crossing to sweep," but that may well have been because his health failed. It is not good business for a successful novel-writer to die at fifty-one. He should go on at least ten years more, and perhaps twenty, if he is to get back what he has spent in learning how and teaching his light to shine.

IT seems that the Colonial Dames of America are indisposed to accept the decision of Judge Bookstaver in their suit against the Colonial Dames of the State of New York and the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America. It will be recalled that they sued the two last-named societies for borrowing a part of their name, and that Judge Bookstaver decided against them, but without costs. They have taken advice as to the soundness of Judge Bookstaver's decision, and learn that "it must be regarded from a legal stand-point as weak and evasive." It is criticised because "conclusive weight is ascribed by the Court to alleged laches or delay on the part of the plaintiff, whereas all the decisions hold that delay only affects the right to an accounting for profits, but can never be a bar to equitable relief." The further conclusion of the judge, that the action of the Legislature of the State of New York in giving the use of the so-called Van Cortlandt Manor House to one of the defendant societies empowered such society to share the plaintiff society's name, is stigmatized by the plaintiff society as "a conclusion unsound and absurd on its very face." So the plaintiff society has determined to appeal, and hopes to get into court again in December or January.



Another important and more peaceful work which the Colonial Dames of America have undertaken is the publication of the collection of *Letters to Washington*, which was bought by Congress in 1834 to 1849 from George Corbin Washington, and has been preserved in the State Department. There are enough of these letters to make six volumes. One volume, edited by Mr. Stanislaus Murray Hamilton, the society has already issued, through Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., and it is sold for five dollars. This first volume has been well received, and is praised by leading authorities as a valuable contribution to American historical literature. The society hopes that its success will be so substantial as to insure the publication of the five volumes yet to come. There is no need to point out how much light these letters which Washington received must throw on the letters which he wrote.

TIME was when all Western young men who wanted a college education had to come East to get it. That time passed long since, but the greater Eastern universities still draw heavily on the West for students. That will always be, because it will always seem advantageous to some of the Western parents that their sons should spend a term of years in touch with Eastern civilization. To go to a college that is far enough away from home to give one a new environment increases one's ability to compare, and has its obvious advantages. But it's a poor rule that won't work both ways, and it is reasonable to wonder how long it will be before Eastern parents, remarking the virility and enterprise of the Middle West, will begin to suspect that it may be profitable for their sons to spend four years in that exuberant region and try to absorb some of its electrifying spirit. That Boston and New York will presently be sending students to Chicago, Ann Arbor, and even San Francisco is not so unlikely as it may appear. Something of a kindred sort is happening already in the transfer of Western-bred teachers to Eastern universities, and *vice versa*. Cleveland, Ohio, is pretty near the present intellectual centre of the American universe, and the exceedingly penetrating and remunerative Ohio idea is doubtless as prevalent there as anywhere. It is interesting to note that the heads of three departments at Yale are graduates of the Western Reserve University at Cleveland, and that two other Yale professors taught, respectively, ten and five years in this same university before going to New Haven. If the Ohio idea can be absorbed in New Haven from persons who have assimilated it in its native lair, of course that saves trouble. The case of Yale and the Western Reserve is probably not exceptional, for most of the greater Eastern and Western universities are pretty nearly related in these days, and give and take freely, according to need and visible supply.

THE newspapers report that Mr. Ernest H. Crosby, of New York, has given up the practice of law in order to devote himself to the furtherance of Count Tolstoi's theories on non-resistance. It is an interesting announcement. In the present state of society the practice of law is probably more lucrative than the dissemination of ideas about non-resistance, but it is not nearly so novel. Mr. Crosby says that his convictions about non-resistance have become so clear and strong that he cannot practise law any longer. "I am absolutely opposed," he says, "to all force and coercion, and, do what I will, I am forced to say that the very essence of administering laws is based on violence. Non-resistance is not only correct in theory, but I have found it an excellent-working every-day practice, and I am sure that I am right in taking this step."

It may be said on Mr. Crosby's side of a very puzzling question that it is a great deal easier to explain non-resistance out of the teachings of Christ than it is to believe in the explanation. A great many Christians have puzzled over the injunction to turn the other cheek, and come to no more satisfying conclusion than the surmise that though non-resistance is right in theory, and will work very well when the millennium comes, the world is not ripe for it yet. Yet there is a great deal to be said for it as a theory of contemporaneous practicability, and if Mr. Crosby does full justice to his subject he will be able to make out a case for his side that will be worth attention.

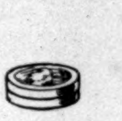
A good many persons who have read the Sermon on the Mount have imbibed enough of its spirit to hate war and violence, even while they cannot bring themselves to reject wholly the claim that hard knocks are sometimes indispensable. They gravely distrust war as a means of civilization, and though they won't decline battle when it is forced upon them, they go forth to it sadly, and more or less torn by conflicting notions of duty. Of course this extreme reluctance to fight, which has its basis in conscience, is apt to be set down to timidity. When the present Governor of New York advocates the strenuous life he usually speaks of those of us whose bellicosity is less urgent than his own as timid. He does not seem to realize that reluctance to fight sometimes has its seat not so much in the fear of getting hurt as in a constitutional aversion to hurting the other fellow. It is strange that so intelligent a Governor should have so odd an intellectual disability. Timidity, on the whole, seems rather scarce among men, but the aversion to war is growing. Let us hope that that is for the best. Hard knocks now and then seem to do their work fairly well, but, after all, the forces that work most steadily and most effectually for the world's betterment are industry, education, and love.

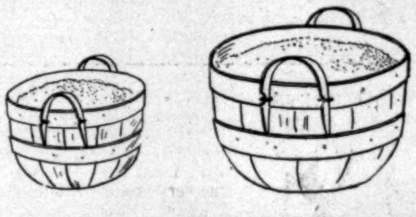
THE SOUTH'S "ALL'S WELL." *By R. H. Edmonds*

TEN years ago the South fought its first skirmish in the endless battle that ever rages for the world's commercial supremacy. Its pig-iron entered the markets so long dominated by Pennsylvania furnaces, and, to the dismay of those who had affected to despise its rivalry, won a substantial victory. Alabama iron became a factor in every iron-consuming centre, and from this position it could not be dislodged. About the same time Southern cotton-mills were forcing their product into successful competition with the output of New England mills. But as Pennsylvania iron and steel people took refuge in the claim that the South would never advance beyond the iron-making stage, that it could never become a factor in the higher forms of finished goods and in steel-making, so the New England mills lulled themselves into a sense of security on the claim that though Southern mills might make coarse goods, they could never acquire the skill and the capital needed for the finer goods. In the light of what has been accomplished within ten years, it seems very strange that such arguments as these should have done duty in so many newspapers and in so many public gatherings.

A PROPHECY

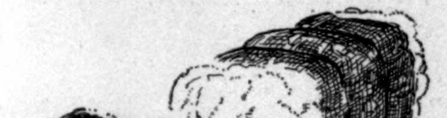
Judge Kelley—"Pig-Iron Kelley," as he was familiarly known—had been wiser than his people. Nearly twenty years ago he proclaimed the coming power of the South in all industrial pursuits, and heralded it not as a disaster to Pennsylvania and to New England, but as an added strength to the industrial power of the country. "The development of the South," said he, "means the enrichment of the nation." In this light the progress of the South should be watched, for while its industrial upbuilding may mean the changing of some forms of industry in other sections, there is versatility enough in our people and in our country to find a new avenue for the employment of brains and energy and capital for every one that may be closed by changing business conditions. New England may yield the sceptre of cotton-manufacturing to the South, to the vast enrichment of the South, but New England will find new openings for its tireless energy and its accumulated capital. The South will become enormously wealthy through the change, but New England will not be made the poorer.

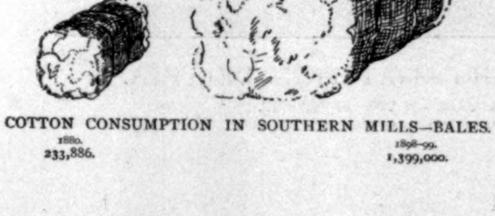

WAGES PAID TO FACTORY-HANDS.
1880. $75,900,000.
1899. $350,000,000.


GRAIN PRODUCED—BUSHELS.
1880. 431,000,000.
1898-99. 736,600,000

THE FIRST SKIRMISHES

Just about the time when the South was winning these first skirmishes, and when its people were dazzled by the new opportunities of employment and wealth-creation which were opening before them after the darkness of thirty years of war and reconstruction trials, there came the world-wide financial panic following the Baring failure. The South, suddenly brought down from its dizzy speculative height, had to face new conditions. The business world recognized that the supreme test of the South's inherent advantages and possibilities had come. It faced the situation—its iron-masters steadily reduced the cost of iron-making until furnaces which had been turning out $8 and $9 iron were able to produce $6 iron; its cotton-mill owners wisely abandoned old machinery, and, equipping their mills with every modern improvement, drove them to their utmost capacity night and day, in order to double the output on their invested capital and proportionately reduce the cost of goods; its cotton-planters, who had kept their corn-cribs and smoke-houses in the West, buying in the aggregate about $100,000,000 worth a year of Western corn and bacon, commenced to raise their own food-supplies, and in this way, returning to the old ante-bellum system, reduced the cost of raising cotton.

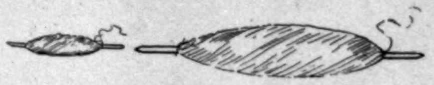

RAILROAD MILEAGE.
1880. 20,600.
1899. 50,000.

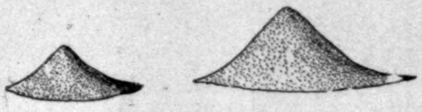

COTTON CONSUMPTION IN SOUTHERN MILLS—BALES.
1880. 233,886.
1898-99. 1,399,000.

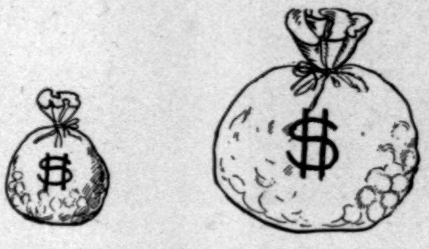
While these changes, all revolutionary in their character, were in progress, the small bankrupt railroad lines were brought into compact systems, new and heavier rails laid, rolling-stock increased, and necessary extensions made.

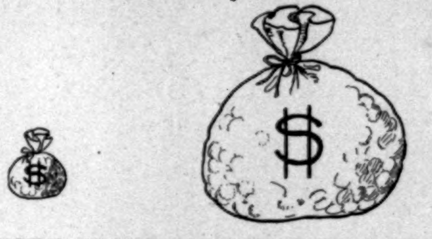
IRON AND COAL

Thus the South passed through the long period of depression, standing the great test, which came so unexpectedly, in a way that strengthened the world's confidence. It not only held its own during this period, but its iron-makers entered foreign markets, and demonstrated that the South could dictate the price of iron for the world. Alabama iron set the price in England and on the Continent, as well as in Japan, and even from Jerusalem came an order for it. This marked a revolution in the world's iron and steel interests. Henceforth the world was the market for Southern iron. When this point had been reached, the next step was to build steel-works commensurate with what had been accomplished in iron-making; and to-day two gigantic plants—one to make steel billets, and the other to make finished steel products—are nearing completion at Birmingham. They have cost about $2,500,000. They have already booked heavy orders for steel billets for shipment to Pittsburg. A number of furnaces built during the boom of 1889-90, and which have been idle ever since, have lately been bought by strong companies, and are now being put into blast. With every furnace crowded to its utmost capacity, which will soon be the case, the output of Southern iron in 1900 promises to be nearly fifty per cent. larger than ever before. The demand for coal exceeds the production, though that is now at the rate of 40,000,000 tons a year. There is almost feverish activity in enlarging the output of old mines, in opening new ones, and in building coke-ovens; for a ready demand meets every ton produced, with a profit that makes glad the stockholders.


SPINDLES IN COTTON-MILLS.
1880. 667,000.
1899. 5,000,000.


PHOSPHATE MINED—TONS.
1890. 750,000.
1899. 2,000,000.


CAPITAL INVESTED IN MANUFACTURING
1880. $257,000,000.
1893. $1,000,000,000.

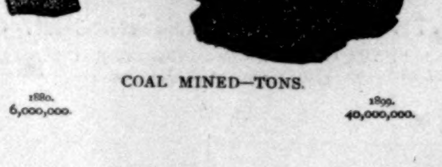

CAPITAL IN COTTON-SEED-OIL MANUFACTURE.
1880. $3,500,000.
1899. $40,000,000.

THE PHOSPHATE INDUSTRY

Turning from iron and coal, with the almost fabulous profits which they are yielding, to other industries, phosphate-mining looms into prominence. Up to ten years ago South Carolina was the only American source of phosphate rock, and our fertilizer factories, as well as those of Europe, had to depend upon the few hundred thousand tons which that State annually produced. Then it was discovered that Florida had vast phosphate beds, and soon that State surpassed South Carolina in this industry. Two or three years later similar discoveries were made in Tennessee, and the mining activity which has followed reminds one of the tales of development in new gold regions. Ten years ago the South's output of phosphate rock was not more than 750,000 tons; this year it will be 2,000,000 tons. What this means in the diversification and improvement of agricultural conditions is too broad a subject for treatment here.

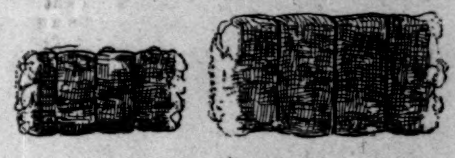
THE FORESTS

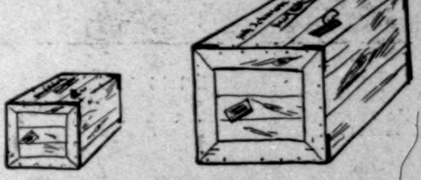
Possessing one-half of the standing timber of the United States, the South is building up immense lumber and wood-working interests, and throughout the entire lumber regions business is as prosperous as in the iron districts.


COAL MINED—TONS.
1880. 6,000,000.
1899. 40,000,000.

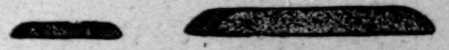
COTTON IS STILL KING

Though the value of the grain now raised in that section exceeds on the farm the value of the cotton crop, cotton is still the dominant power in the business life of the South. No other country has such a monopoly of any agricultural staple of such world-wide influence as the South has of cotton. Cotton and cotton-seed bring to Southern farmers an average of $300,000,000 a year. The comparatively new industry of cotton-seed-oil making now employs over $40,000,000 of capital, and yields an annual product of upwards of $50,000,000. From Galveston alone the foreign exports of cotton oil and cotton-seed meal are averaging nearly 1000 tons a day. Of this industry the South has almost as much of a monopoly as it has of cotton-growing, but in the manufacture of cotton goods this section, though making marvellous progress, is still only getting well started. There are about 100,000,000 cotton-spindles in the world. The South furnishes the cotton for about three-fourths of these, or 75,000,000 spindles, but has only 5,000,000 spindles. To consume in its own mills its crop of 10,000,000 to 11,000,000 bales would require the investment of over $1,500,000 in new mills, and long before that point could be reached, even at the present rapid growth, the world will annually require of this section from 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 bales. In 1880 the South started on its cotton-mill development with a basis of 667,000 spindles, representing a capital of $21,000,000. By 1890 it had $61,000,000 capital in this industry and 1,700,000 spindles. To-day it has 5,000,000 spindles and about $125,000,000 of capital invested in cotton-mills, while mills under construction represent about $25,000,000 more. The most significant sign of the times in this industry is that New England mill-owners, recognizing that the South is bound to win, are transferring large capital to Southern mills. A number of the leading mill companies of the former section have, during the last few years, built branch mills, costing from $500,000 to $1,000,000 each, in the South; and now one of New England's greatest corporations is spending $2,500,000 in building in Alabama what will be the largest cotton-mill ever constructed as a single enterprise. The recent advance in the price of cotton is bringing prosperity to the farmers, and if it holds for the balance of the season, will mean $75,000,000 more to them than they received for last year's crop.


COTTON CROP—BALES.
1880. 5,750,000.
1898-99. 11,274,840.


VALUE OF MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS.
1880. $457,400,000.
1899. $1,500,000,000.

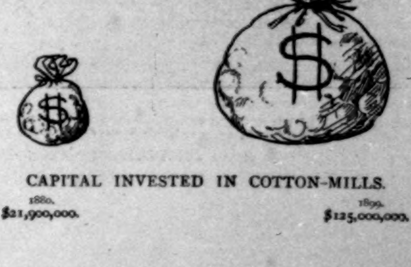
In diversified interests the same story of progress and prosperity runs. The Newport News Ship Yard, with over $10,000,000 of work under contract, including two steamers of about 12,000 tons each for the Pacific trade, the largest ever built in America, is said to be employing more hands than even the Cramps; the Richmond Locomotive Works are competing with the Baldwins in exporting locomotives; the Maryland Steel Company has been furnishing steel rails for Russia's Siberian Railroad, for Australia and other distant regions; Alabama coke has gone to Japan, and the export of both coke and iron is only limited by the fact that the home demand now exceeds the supply.


PIG-IRON PRODUCED—TONS.
1880. 397,000.
1899. 2,500,000.

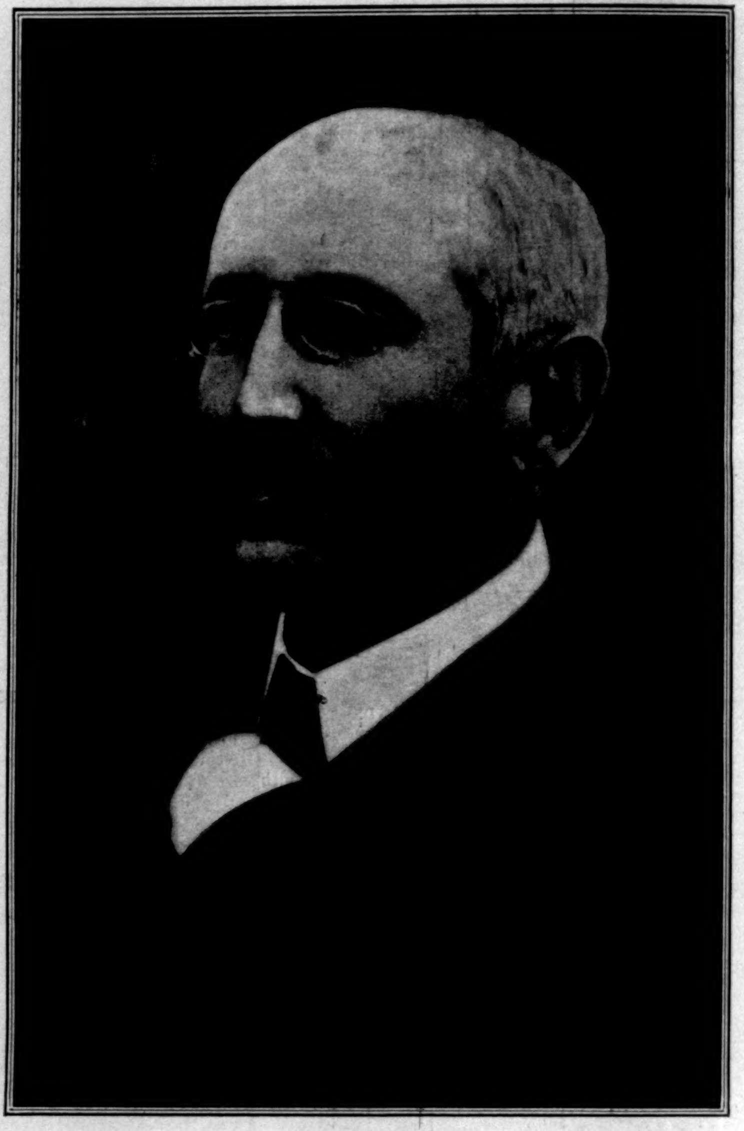
THE SOUTH'S STORY IN STATISTICS

Statistics are often uninteresting, but the story of the South's progress cannot be told more clearly than in the comparative illustrations scattered through this article, in which reliable estimates are given where exact figures are not obtainable.

Surveying the whole Southern situation, what has been done and what is under way, it can be truly said that—"all's well."


CAPITAL INVESTED IN COTTON-MILLS.
1880. $21,900,000.
1899. $125,000,000.

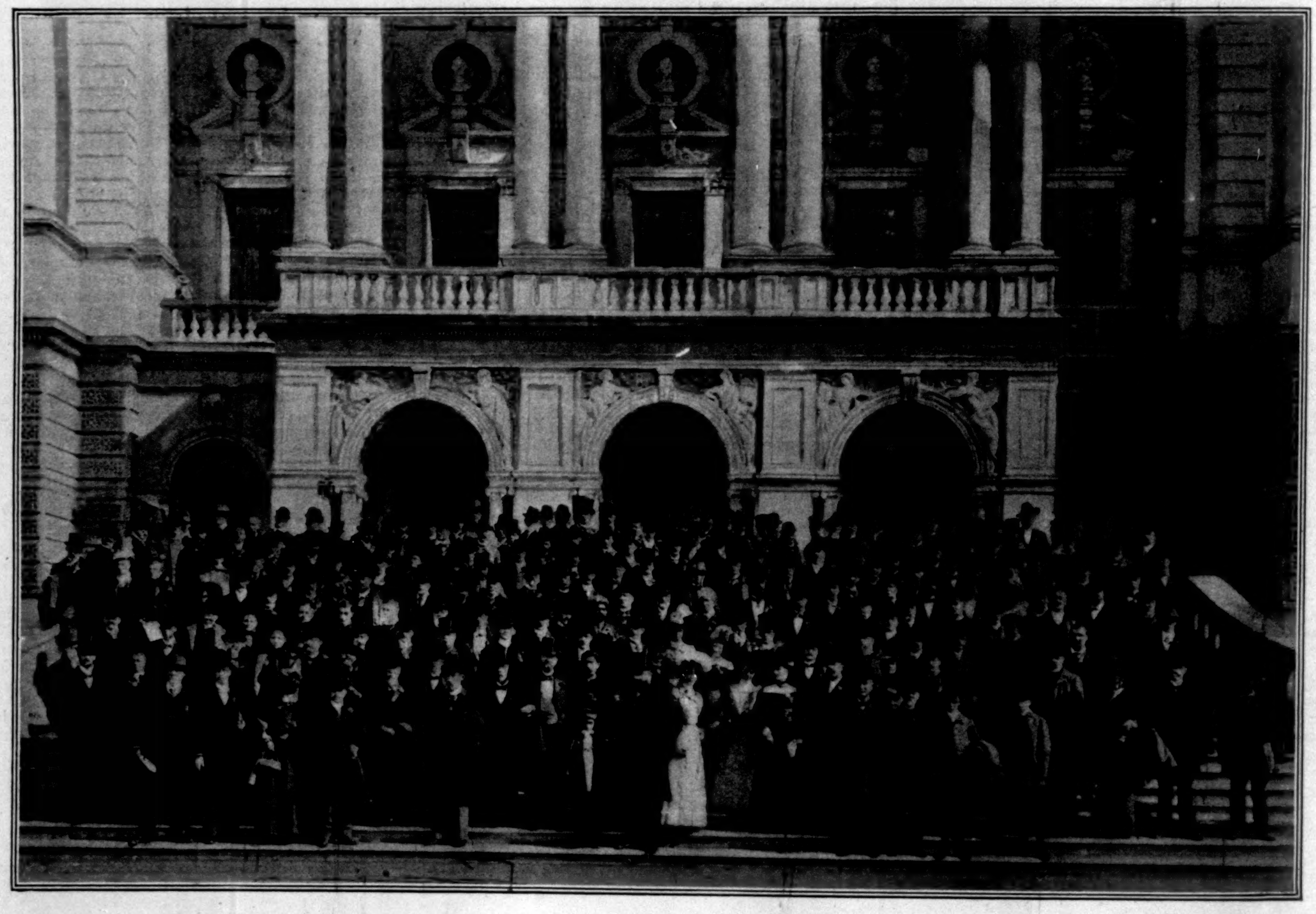
WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.



ALFRED DREYFUS.

ALFRED DREYFUS AT LIBERTY—TWO RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MAN WHO STIRRED THE WORLD.

From Copyrighted Photographs by Gerschel.



THE DELEGATES TO THE INTERNATIONAL COMMERCIAL CONGRESS AT PHILADELPHIA.

Photograph taken on the Steps of the Congressional Library; just before their Call on the President.

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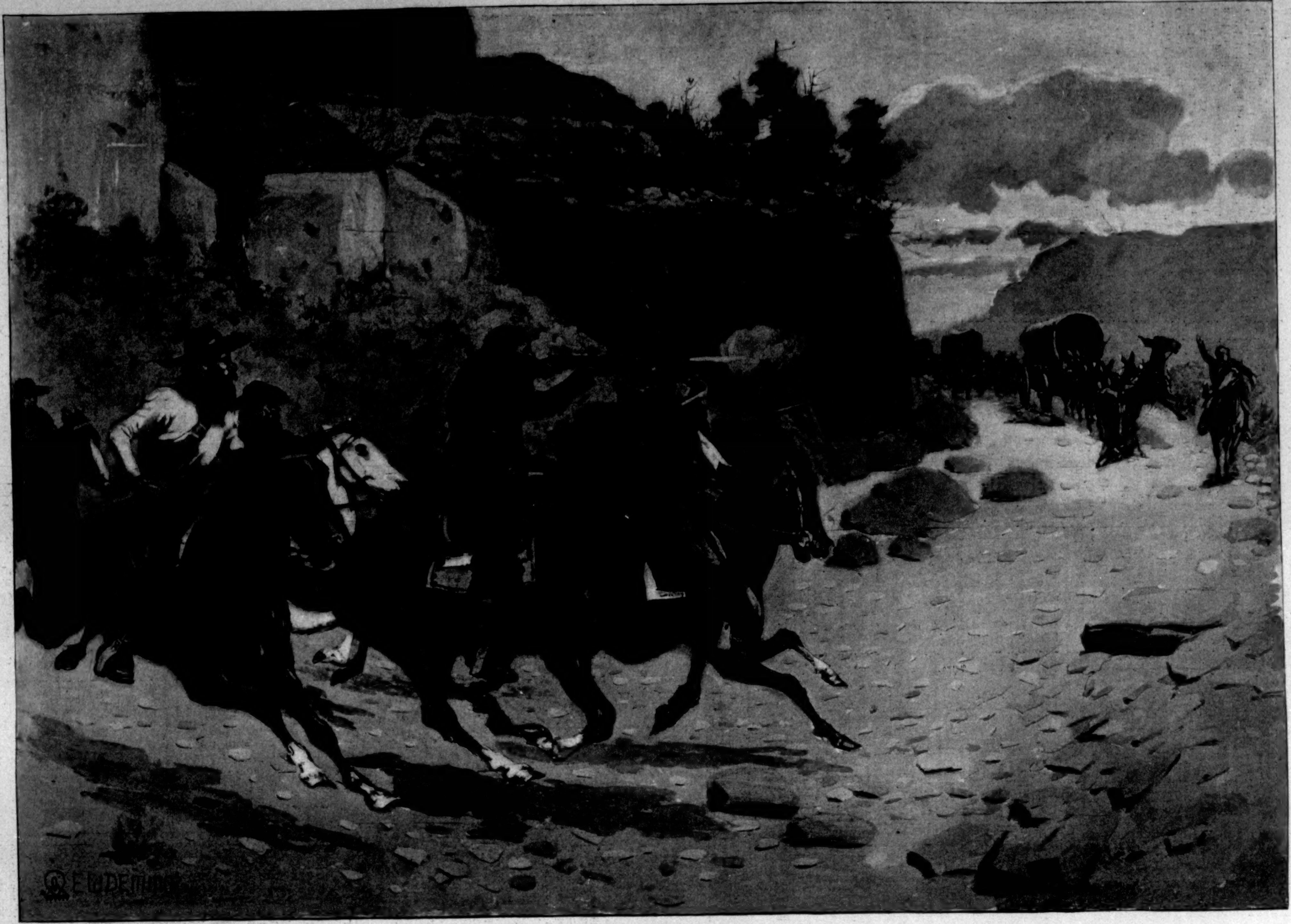


THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—BOERS SURPRISING A BRITISH PROVISION-TRAIN.

Drawn by E. W. Deming.

WITH SWORD AND CRUCIFIX. *By Edward S. Van Zile*

This story was begun September 9, 1899.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Louis de Sancerre, a noble of France, having killed a Spanish grandee in a duel for love, has come with de la Salle to try his fortune in a new world. At dead of night an old woman brings him a piece of bark, on which is scratched the name of Julia de Aquilar, for whom he has left his native land. Katonah, sister of Chatémuc, a trusted Indian guide, has become enamoured of him. De la Salle decides to send de Sancerre, Chatémuc, and Katonah to discover their midnight visitor. The story reverts to Seville, whence Don Rodrigo de Aquilar is sailing for the lands in America granted him by the Spanish King. He is accompanied by his daughter, Julia, and his secretary, Juan Rodriquez. On the voyage the latter declares to Julia his love for her, and threatens mischief in case of refusal. The vessel is wrecked. Juan Rodriquez swims with Julia to the shore, and later sees from a distance two white-robed beings carry her away.... La Salle's mission, to which have been added Henri de Tonti, the explorer's bosom friend, and Zenobe Membré, a Franciscan friar, reaches the "Children of the Sun," as the natives style themselves, and is hospitably received. De Sancerre defeats Cabanacte, grandson of Noco, the interpreter of the natives, in a foot-race. Noco informs him that Coyocop, a mysterious being discovered on the sea-shore by the natives, and whom they have deified, is the author of the message received by him. Chatémuc is tortured to death for attempting to extinguish the sacred fire. Membré and Katonah escape in disguise. De Sancerre discovers that Coyocop is really Julia de Aquilar. Katonah returns with a note from de la Salle. The Great Sun falls ill of a distemper, and de Sancerre is directed, under threat of death, to cure him. De Sancerre kills Manatte, nephew and heir-apparent of the king, for attempting to outrage Julia, and also kills a priest who attempts to murder him. De Sancerre, Julia, and Noco escape to the woods.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN WHICH DE SANCERRE UNDERGOES MANY VARIED EMOTIONS.

THE full moon of May, the moon of old corn, shone down upon a virgin forest bounding with the high pulse of a ripe spring-time. Its white splendor tiptoed along the outskirts of impenetrable thickets, or danced gayly down majestic glades patrolled by oak and hickory, sassafras and poplar trees. Presently, shunning a menacing morass, the silvery outriders of the moon's array would file along a narrow bayou, or charge *en masse* across the broad surface of a trembling lake. And while the triumphant moonlight took possession of a splendid province, the thousand voices of the forest murmured at midnight a welcome to the conqueror.

Panting for breath, and worn with the friction of their race for freedom through swamps and woods, de Sancerre and his companions, after long hours of hurried flight, paused to recover their strength, far to the southward of the City of the Sun. The marvellous endurance of Julia de Aquilar, whose urgency had granted to the enraged Noco no chance to protest against the fervor of their mad career, had put even the wiry, hardened frame of the lithe Frenchman to a stubborn test. Hand in hand de Sancerre and the Spanish girl had sped onward, followed by the grumbling crone, now breaking their way through vindictive underbrush, anon wetting their feet in marshy vales, again making progress beneath stately trees, avoiding the deep gloom of threatening recesses, and following a moon-track like hounds upon a scent. Behind them sat certain death; beyond them, a joyful promise lured them deeper and ever deeper into the primeval wilds.

Tottering and breathless, old Noco reached the crest of the tree-crowned hillock upon which Doña Julia and de Sancerre, gasping, speechless, but strong with renewed hope, stood awaiting her coming. Throwing her old bones upon the damp grass, Noco lay moaning for a time in senile misery. Youth, under the spurs of fear and hope, had led old age a cruel race. Noco had come into the forest to solve by moon-magic the secret of her grandson's flight, and, lo! the wizard upon whom she relied had become a will-o'-the-wisp, in tattered velvets, using his diabolical power to kidnap Coyocop, the spirit of the sun.

"Lean against the tree trunk, señora," said de Sancerre to Doña Julia, his voice tripping over his breath as he spoke. "I fear old Noco has found our pace too hot. But, even now, I dare not rest. We must go on!"

Descending the hillock to the treacherous ooze which mirrored the moon in a multitude of pools, the Frenchman filled his bedraggled bonnet with cold water, and returned quickly to Noco's side. Bending down, he forced the panting beldam to drink deep of the refreshing draught. Then he poured a cold stream upon her drawn, dusky face, and through the white hair above her wrinkled brow. The old hag's beady eyes had watched his every movement. Had he not cast a spell upon the moon-kissed water with which he laved her head? Surely this revival of her strength, which raised her on the instant to her feet, was magical. Cruel though he might have been to her, the Brother of the Moon was making full reparation with his witchery for the suffering which she had undergone. Old Noco was more superstitious at midnight than at dawn, more a savage in the forest than in her city hut. The mocking gleam which her eyes had known so well the moonlight could not find, as she stood facing de Sancerre, gazing up at him with a question in her glance.

"Cabanacte?" she exclaimed, still short of breath.

"We will seek him by the river," answered de Sancerre, pointing to a break in the forest which opened toward the east, as he drew the woman toward the hollow gum-tree against which the Spanish girl was seated, silently pouring out her soul in gratitude to Mother Mary and the saints.

"But there is no time," complained the old woman. "They will miss Coyocop, and if they find us in the woods—ugh!" The grunt of horror to which Noco gave vent bore witness to how much cruelty her aged eyes had gazed upon.

"Listen, Doña Noco," said de Sancerre, sternly, as he extended his hand to Julia de Aquilar, and indulging in a courtly flourish wholly out of keeping with his environment, drew her to her feet; "we have set out to find Katonah and your grandson. Be true to Cabanacte and put your trust in Coyocop. Listen, señora," and here de Sancerre bent down and addressed the old crone with impressive emphasis; "as we hurry on, ponder the words I speak: The City of the Sun is unworthy of the spirit sent from God. It is accursed. Its temple runs with blood, and its vile priests have sealed the city's doom. Come! 'Twas your grandson who found Coyocop. 'Tis Coyocop who shall now find Cabanacte."

Onward through the moonlit forest the trio kept their course, tending always toward a noble river that might bear them, could they build a raft, to the vagrant camp of de la Salle, pitched somewhere farther south. Wasting no breath in futile words, de Sancerre maintained a telling pace which carried them every moment farther from a city of murder toward a stream where hunger menaced them.

For two long, heavy hours they struggled eastward across the treacherous margin of a river grown erratic from its weary longing for the sea. Now and then de Sancerre would turn to refresh his straining eyes with a vision of beauty, done in black and white against the moonlight, and for all time upon his heart. A word of encouragement would escape from his dry lips at intervals, and a smile of hope and gratitude would reward him for his prodigality of breath.

The want and hardship which confronted them, the chances of capture from savage tribes, of death from starvation or swamp-begotten fever, although clear to de Sancerre's mind, could not, in that glad hour, cast a shadow upon his buoyant spirits. "A half-done miracle is worse than none," he had said to Doña Julia. It gave him renewed confidence in the future to feel that upon his own courage, pertinacity, and foresight would depend the happy outcome of a strange adventure which chance, at the outset, had made possible. It was pleasant to de Sancerre to reflect that he could now relieve the saints of all responsibility for the issue of events.

Nevertheless, the Frenchman uttered a word of gratitude to St. Maturin, who watches over fools, when, about two hours after midnight, he and his companions shook the forest from their weary shoulders and stood upon the curving shore of the river Colbert—known to later times as the Mississippi. De Sancerre's quick eye saw at once that at this point Sieur de la Salle had, weeks before, made his camp for a night. By a short-cut through the woods the Frenchman had reached a point upon the river to gain which the canoes of the great explorer had labored for a day upon the winding stream. That the litter left upon the bank had not been abandoned by a party of roving Indians was proved beyond peradventure to de Sancerre by a discovery which electrified his pulse and renewed his admiration for the saint whom he had just invoked. As he hurried down the slope which fell gently from the forest to the stream, anxious to enter the deserted huts, made of reeds and leafy branches by expert hands to serve as shelter for a single night, de Sancerre's torn shoes struck against an object which forced an exclamation of astonishment and delight from his ready tongue.

Gleaming in the moonlight at his feet, the long barrel of a flintlock musket pointed straight at a powder-horn and a bag of bullets, as if the weapon, lacking nourishment, prayed to be recharged. Bending down, de Sancerre raised the clumsy gun and examined its mechanism with the eagerness of a shipwrecked mariner toward whose raft the sea had tossed a chest which might, when opened, gladden his eyes with food.

Doña Julia and Noco stood behind the Frenchman, watching his movements with eyes in which curiosity had conquered the heaviness of dire fatigue.

"This, Mademoiselle de Aquilar," explained de Sancerre, balancing the heavy musket in his hand, "is the *fusil ordinaire*, or snaphance-gun. I have heard young hotspurs in the Low Countries—who knew little of the rapier's niceties—assert that, at close quarters, its butt-end is more deadly than a sword. Of its merits in a *mêlée* I am not ripe to speak, but I learned, while yet I lingered with Count Frontenac, to drive a bullet through a distant tree. The weapon has its use! You may thank the saints, mademoiselle, for this gun and powder-horn. 'Twill serve my turn if my captain's careless red men have left no eatables in yonder huts."

"Ah, well I knew, monsieur, you had not come to me in vain!" exclaimed Doña Julia, a glad smile gleaming in her eloquent eyes, beneath which rested the dark shadows of physical exhaustion. "The saints have led your steps to where the musket lay!"

"*Mais oui!* But tell not Noco this. Her ears must hearken to another tale."

Turning to gaze down at the silent beldam, the fiery brightness of whose busy eyes the strain of a forced march at midnight had not dimmed, though her face twitched with fatigue and her scrawny hands shook in the moonlight, de Sancerre said:

"The Brother of the Moon is glad, señora, for my god has put into my hands the thunder and the lightning—to call Cabanacte from the wilds and to smite the sun-priests if they follow us. To-morrow I will make the echoes of the forest lead your grandson to us here. But now we must have rest, for Coyocop is weary, and the dawn must find us up."

St. Maturin, the friend of fools, still played de Sancerre's game. As the Frenchman, followed by the women, to whom each step they took was now a hardship, entered the nearest hut, he saw at once that his withdrawal from de la Salle's expedition, and the loss of Chatémuc and Katonah, had led the explorer to lighten his equipment by the contents of one canoe, intending, doubtless, to retake the stores upon his return should circumstances make them again of value to him. A boat-load of corn meal and gunpowder had been stored in the hut, in the hope that neither the weather nor roving savages would deprive the returning explorers of its use.

"*Nom de Dieu!*" cried the Frenchman, gayly, as he pointed to the godsend which made his light heart lighter. "There lie food and ammunition. 'Tis true, indeed, that Heaven has been kind to us! And so I leave you, Mademoiselle de Aquilar, to your prayers and sleep. I must make further search."

Old Noco, who had paid out the last link of her energy, had made a shake-down of the meal-bags, and her labored breathing proved that her aged bones were finding the rest they craved. De Sancerre held Doña Julia's cold, trembling hand in his, and gazed upon her weary face for a long moment, whose very silence was eloquent with words he could not speak.

"Good-night, monsieur," faltered the girl, tears born of gratitude and physical weariness dimming the dark beauty of her eyes.

"Good-night!" he said, bending to touch her white hand with his lips. Then he drew himself erect, trembling as if the damp breeze from the river had chilled his overwrought frame. Suddenly he clasped the weeping girl to his breast, and his lips met hers in a kiss which crowned the miracle the saints had wrought for them.

"My love! my love!" whispered de Sancerre; and when he reached the moonlit night outside the hut again, it seemed to him that the river and the forest had changed their outlines to his eyes, and that he stood within the confines of a paradise. He seated himself upon the sloping margin of the stream, vainly attempting to recall his soaring thoughts to the homely exigencies of his grim environment. It was no paradise by which he was surrounded. A lonely flood finding its way to a lonely sea lay before his eyes, while at his back stood a pathless wilderness, through which, even at this moment, black-hearted fanatics, skilled in woodcraft, might be following his trail. This dark thought, clouding the splendor of a dream begotten by a kiss, led de Sancerre, almost unconsciously, to take from the ground at his side the awkward musket with which chance had armed him. He longed to test its prowess as an ally, to prove to his troubled mind that dampness and neglect had not robbed the flintlock of its heritage. With no intention of giving way to the curiosity which assailed him, the Frenchman carefully loaded the gun with powder and ball, and raised it affectionately to his shoulder. In that hour of peril and loneliness the musket seemed to be a friend speaking to him of de la Salle's loyalty and persistence, and of the certainty that his return from the Gulf could not be long delayed.

Suddenly an uncanny premonition crept over de Sancerre, whose nervous energy had been exhausted by a day and night of strangely contrasted emotions, and by a physical strain whose reaction was now taking its revenge. Turning his back to the river, de Sancerre's restless eyes swept the black, threatening line of the forest, behind which the moon was drooping. Presently his heart seemed to clutch his throat, and the long barrel of the musket trembled as his hand shook for an instant. At the edge of the woods, two hundred yards beyond the camp, stood a white, naked thing, resembling in outline a man, but as shadowy and ghostly as a creature made of moonbeams. It stood erect for a moment, and then bent down as if it would crawl back into the forest upon all-fours.

Impulsively, de Sancerre covered the apparition with his gun, and snapped the steel against the flint. A crash, echoing across the startled flood, and hurled back in anger by the bushes and the trees, made sudden war upon the silence of the stately night. When the smoke from the friendly gun—in good case to serve the Frenchman's ends—had cleared away, de Sancerre saw no ghastly victim of his marksmanship lying in white relief against the black outline of the woods. "Mayhap," he reflected, "my bullet passed through a shadow not of earth! Don Joseph? Perhaps I drew him back from hell with that dear kiss I won! But what mad thoughts are these? 'Twas but a gray wolf in the scrub, or a vision raised by my own weariness. At all events, *ma petite*," he exclaimed, patting the smoking musket contentedly, "there's now no doubt that you and I agree."

A soft touch fell upon de Sancerre's arm, and, turning, he looked into the white, agitated face of Doña Julia.

"Fear not, señora," he exclaimed, earnestly. "Forgive me that I disturbed your rest. But it seemed best to me to try the temper of this clumsy gun. 'Tis always well to know how great may be the prowess of an ally whom you have gained."

Her dark eyes were reading his face closely.

"They have not found us?" she asked, eagerly. "You did not shoot at men?"

"Only at a target made by dreams," he answered, reassuringly. "I shot at the phantom of my hate, *ma chère*, and, lo! it brought my love to me."

Her dark eyes fell until their long black lashes rested against her white face.

"You love me, señor?" she whispered, in a voice which filled his soul with an ecstasy it had never known before.

And once again the waters of the listening river bore a love-tale to the distant Gulf—a strange, sweet sequel to gossip which the waves had heard before.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN WHICH SPIRITS, GOOD AND BAD, BESET A WILDERNESS.

CABANACTE'S wooing of Katonah, an idyl of the forest, a love-poem lost in the wilds, a spring song set to halting words, had filled two simple lives with sadness through days of wandering and nights of melancholy dreams. When the stalwart sun-worshipper had first overtaken the girl, fleeing she knew not whither, and inspired by a motive which she could not analyze, Cabanacte had been greeted by a faint, apathetic smile which had aroused in his heart the hope that, as time went by, her eyes might look into his with the light of a great happiness shining in their depths.

As the days and nights came and went and returned again, while a glad world chanted the wedding-song of spring, and the forest whispered the gossip of the mating-time, Cabanacte's gentleness brought peace without passion, affection without encouragement, into Katonah's gaze as it rested upon the dark, strong, kindly face of the dusky youth. Reclining at her feet for hours at a time, the bronze giant would attempt to tell the story of his love to the Mohican maiden in broken Spanish, only a few words of which Katonah understood. But what mattered the tongue in which he spoke? The moon of old corn was at the full, and the universe grew eloquent with a language which every living creature comprehended. The birds were singing in the trees from a libretto which the squirrels and chipmunks knew by heart. The wild flowers blushed at a romance buzzed by bees, and from the grass and the waters and the forest glades arose a myriad of voices repeating the ballad of that gayest of all troubadours, the spring-time of the South.

Cabanacte's wooing assumed many varying forms. As a huntsman he would lay the trophies of his skill at Katonah's feet. He would lure a fish from a stream, and making a fire by rubbing wood against a stone, would serve to her a tempting dish upon a platter made of bark. Wild plums, yellow or red, berries luscious with the essence of the sunshine, and ripe, sweet figs served as seductive foils to the burnt-offerings which he placed upon the altar of his love.

Hand in hand they would wander aimlessly through the flower-scented woods by day, silent for hours at a time, and soothed into contentment by a barbaric indifference to what the future might have in store for them. At night Katonah would sleep beneath a sheltering tree, while Cabanacte watched by her side until his eyes grew dim and his head would wobble from the fillips of fatigue. Presently he would shake slumber from his stooping shoulders and sit erect, to gaze down lovingly upon the quiet face and the slender, graceful figure of the melancholy maiden, whose beauty was more potent to his eyes than the heavy hand of sleep. Why should Cabanacte give way to dreams while his gaze could rest upon a vision of the night more grateful to his longing soul than the fairest picture that his fancy had ever drawn?

Now and again the dusky giant would gently touch the sleeping maiden's brow with trembling fingers, or bend down to press with reverent lips a kiss upon her cool, smooth cheek. Half-awakened by his caress, Katonah would stir restlessly in the arms of Mother Earth, and Cabanacte, alarmed and repentant, would draw himself erect again to continue his conflict with the promptings of his love and the call to oblivion with which sleep assailed him.

Often in the heat of noonday his guard would be relieved, and he would slumber beneath the trees while Katonah sat as sentry by his side. Then would the flying and the climbing and the crawling creatures of the forest come forth to sing and chatter and squeak in the effort to lure the silent, sad-eyed maiden to tell to them the secret of her heart. Of whom was she thinking as she reclined against a tree trunk and gazed, not at the stalwart, picturesque youth stretched in sleep upon the greensward at her side, but up at the white-flecked May-day sky, a patch of dotted blue above the flowering trees? Why did the tears creep into her dark, gentle eyes at such a time as this? Was she not young and strong and beautiful? Was not all nature joyous with the bounding pulse of spring? What craved this brown-cheeked maiden which the kindly earth had not bestowed? Surely the sleeping stripling at her feet is worthy of her maiden heart! Not often does the spring-time lure into the forest, to meet the searching, knowing eyes of a thousand living creatures, a nobler youth than he who, for days and nights, has been her worshipper and slave. The forest is young to-day with vernal ecstasy, but, oh, how old it is with the worldly wisdom of long centuries! What means this futile wooing of a sunburnt demigod and the cold indifference of a stubborn maiden, who sighs and weeps when all the joys of this glad earth are hers?

The forest holds a mystery, a problem strange and new. The breeze at sunset tells the story to the blushing waters of the lakes, and spreads the gossip through the swamps and glades. The moonbeams steal abroad and verify the tale that the twilight breeze had voiced. A youth and maiden, young and beautiful, so runs the chatter of the woods and streams, wander in sadness along a zigzag trail, and while he sighs, the maiden weeps and moans. There is no precedent in all the forest lore for this strange, futile quest of misery, this daily search for some new cause for tears where all the world is singing hymns of joy and praise.

And all the questions which the forest asked had found an echo in Cabanacte's soul. Why should Katonah gaze into his loving eyes with a glance which spoke of sorrow at her heart? What was there in all this wondrous paradise of earth which he, a youth of mighty prowess, could not lay at her dear feet? He would take her to the City of the Sun and teach her how to smile in gladness, how to make his home a joy. Did she fear the slavish drudgery of the women of her race and his? Oh, Sun in Heaven, could he but make her understand the broken Spanish of his clumsy tongue, he'd swear an oath to toil for her from year to year, to keep her slender hands at rest, and hold her higher than the wives whose fate she feared!

Often would Cabanacte take Katonah's hand in his, and, smiling up at her as she leaned against a tree, strive to make his scraps of Spanish aid the noble purpose of his heart. Now and then the knowledge which the girl had gained of French would serve Cabanacte's turn, and she would smile in comprehension of some word which he had voiced. After a time she found herself amused and interested by his earnest efforts to put her into touch with the ardent, uncomplicated longings of his simple soul. One day she had attempted to make answer to his question—clarified by the eloquence of primitive gestures—whether she would return with him to the City of the Sun. They had laughed aloud at the strange linguistic jumble which had ensued, and the spying gossips of the forest had sent forth the stirring rumor that the coy maiden had dried her tears and was at last worthy of the blessings of the spring. But hardly had the forest learned the story of Katonah's laughter, when the tears gleamed in her eyes and her whispered negative drove the smile from Cabanacte's face.

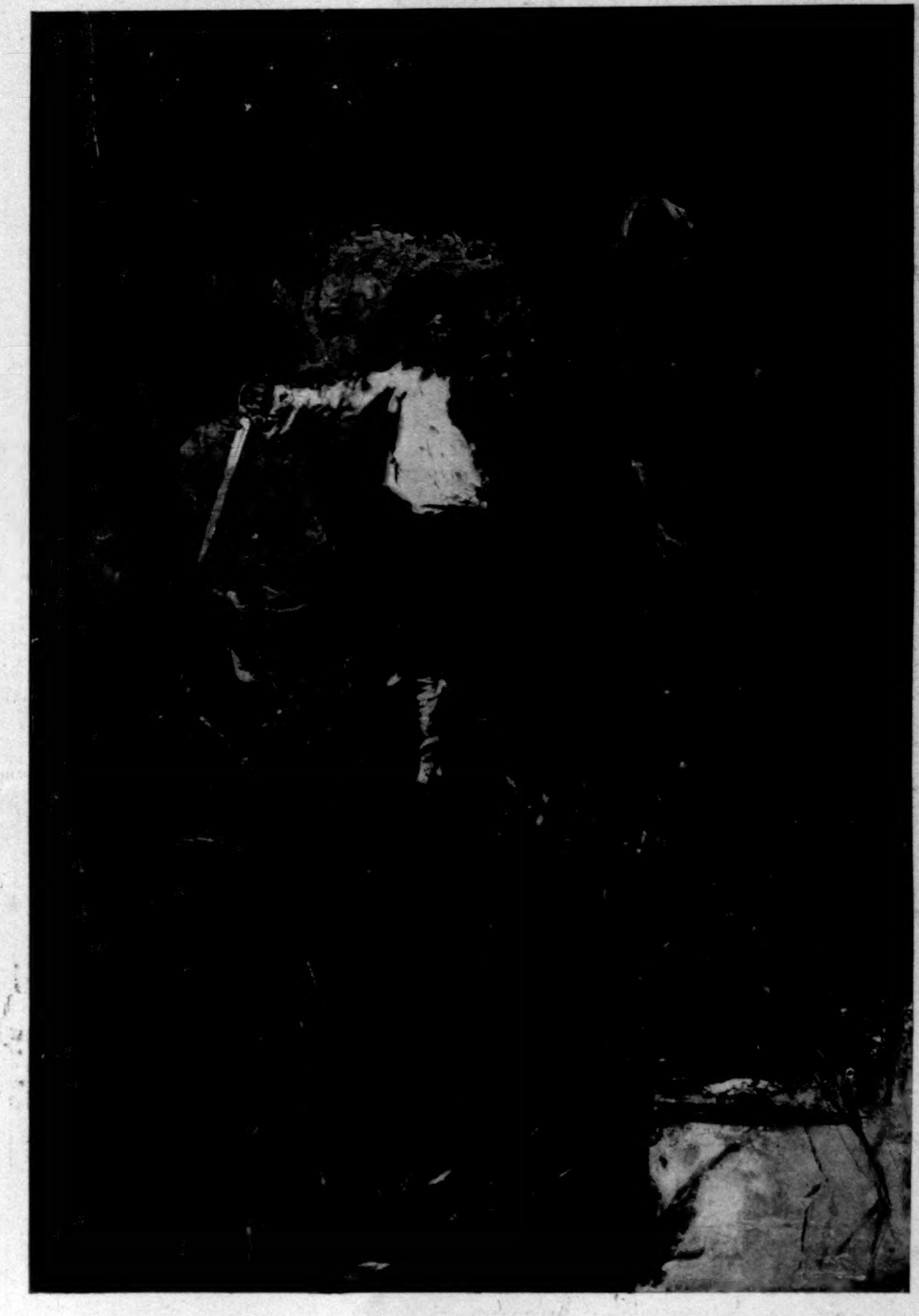
From this beginning, however, the youth and maiden had developed, through the long, aimless hours of their sylvan wanderings, a curious, amorphous *patois*, made up of a few words culled from the French and Spanish tongues and forced by Cabanacte to tell an ancient tale in a language new to man. It brought renewed hope to the youth's sinking heart to find words which could drive, if only for a moment, the mournful gleam from Katonah's sad eyes, or, when fate was very kind, tempt a fleeting smile to her trembling lips.

But even after they had garnered a few useful words from Latin roots, there remained a heavy shadow upon the hearts of Katonah and her swain. Between them stood an elusive, intangible, but persistent and domineering something which restrained Cabanacte with its cruel grip, and often turned Katonah deaf to her lover's passionate words and blind to the adoring splendor which shone in his burning eyes. A savage maiden's foolish dream, a cherished memory which haunted her by day and crept into her sleep at night, decreed that Cabanacte should woo her heart in vain, and in a forest musical with love should grow sick with longing for the word that she would not speak. With gentle wiles and all the art his simple nature knew he laid before Katonah the treasures of devotion, and though she smiled and gazed into his eyes with tender gratitude, she waved them all aside and sat in silence in the moonlit night, recalling a pale, clear-cut face, upon which she never hoped to look again.

It was long past midnight, and Cabanacte, weary of his vigil, and worn with the melancholy thoughts which oppressed him, leaned against a tree and dozed for a time, while the maiden, reclining at his side, listened in her dreams to a mocking voice which had aforetime been music to her heart. The murmurs of the night had died away to silence as the moon fell towards the west, and the forest had settled itself for a nap before the dawn should hail the noisy day, when Katonah and Cabanacte were hurled to their feet by a crackling crash, which echoed through the protesting woods with a threatening insistence that stopped for an instant the beating of their hearts. Seizing the girl's cold hand, Cabanacte, glancing around him upon all sides with affrighted eyes, rushed wildly away from the oak-tree beneath which they had found rest, and strove, with a giant's strength, to win his way to the great river as a refuge from a wilderness in which evil spirits menaced them with ugly cries. Suddenly the stalwart youth paused in his mad career and drew the panting maiden close to his side. Far away between the trees a ghastly creature, a spectral man or monkey, crept and ran and bounded toward the shadow-haunted depths of the forest from which they fled. Knowing all the secrets of the woods, Cabanacte turned cold at the fleeting vision which had checked his wild flight, for never had he seen beneath the moon so weird a sight. Almost before he could regain his breath it had come and gone, and the night was once again his lonely, silent friend.

Trembling from the cumulative horrors which had so suddenly beset their ears and eyes, Cabanacte and Katonah stole through the forest toward the river, which glimmered now and then between the trees. The giant's arm was thrown around Katonah's slender waist, and Cabanacte could feel the hurried beating of her aching heart as he pressed her to his side as if to defend her from some new peril lurking in the wilds.

Suddenly, as they crept apprehensively toward the outskirts of the trees, the broad expanse of the Mississippi broke upon their sight, and, between their coigne of vantage and the river, they saw a tableau which emphasized their growing conviction that some strange enchantment was working wonders on the earth at night, to bind them together by ties woven in the land of ghosts.



"....A WHITE-FACED MAN PRESSING TO HIS BREAST A DARK-HAIRED MAIDEN...."

Before their startled gaze stood a slender white-faced man pressing to his breast a dark-haired maiden clad in black, and as they crouched beneath the underbrush they saw the Brother of the Moon bend down and kiss the spirit of the sun.

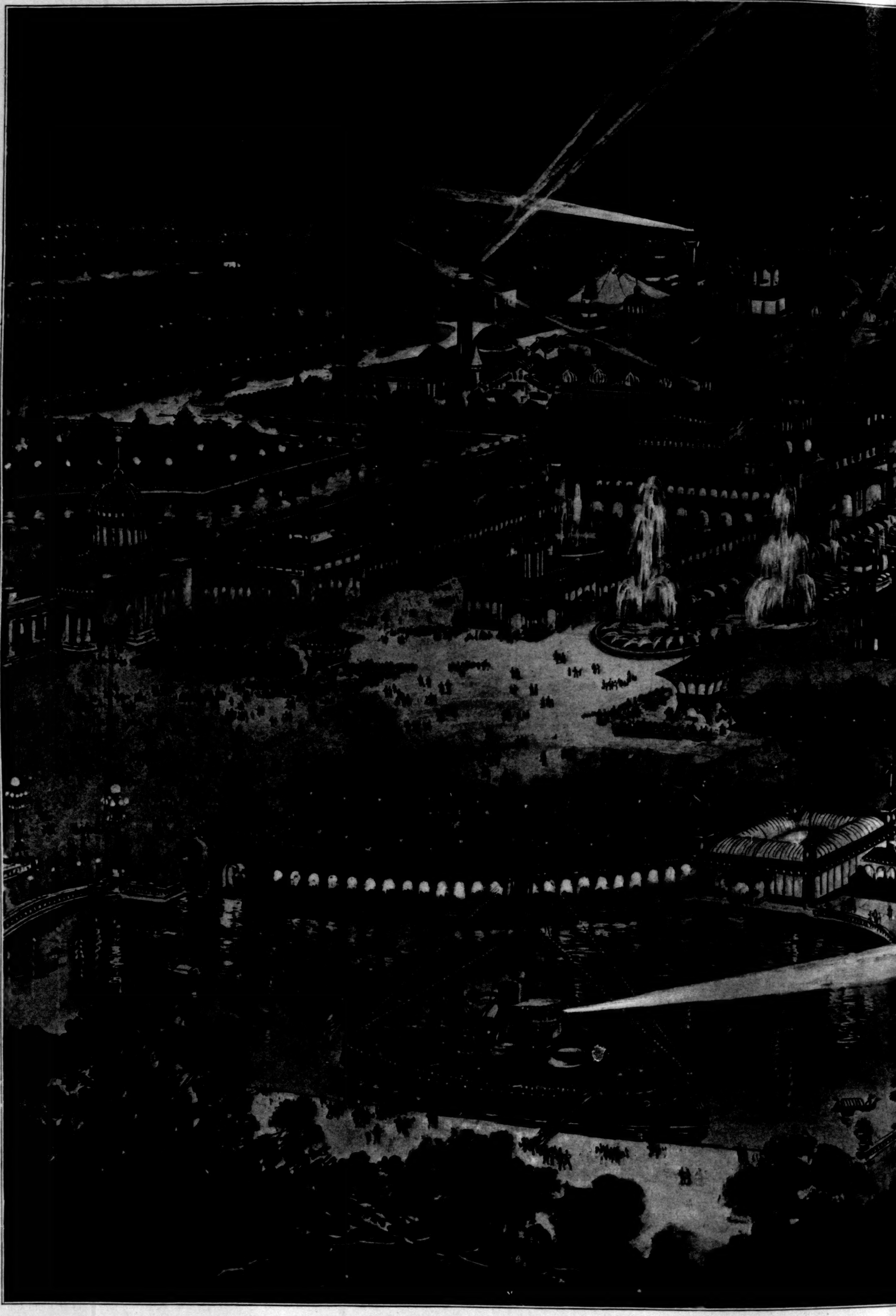
"'Tis Coyocop!" muttered Cabanacte, in a voice of wonder and adoration. "She has come to the forest to drive away the evil demons of the night!"

"Come!" whispered Katonah, urging her lover by the hand toward the woods from which they had just escaped—"come, Cabanacte! I love you! Dearly do I love you! Do you understand my words? I love you, Cabanacte! Come!" she cried.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN WHICH DE SANCERRE WEEPS AND FIGHTS.

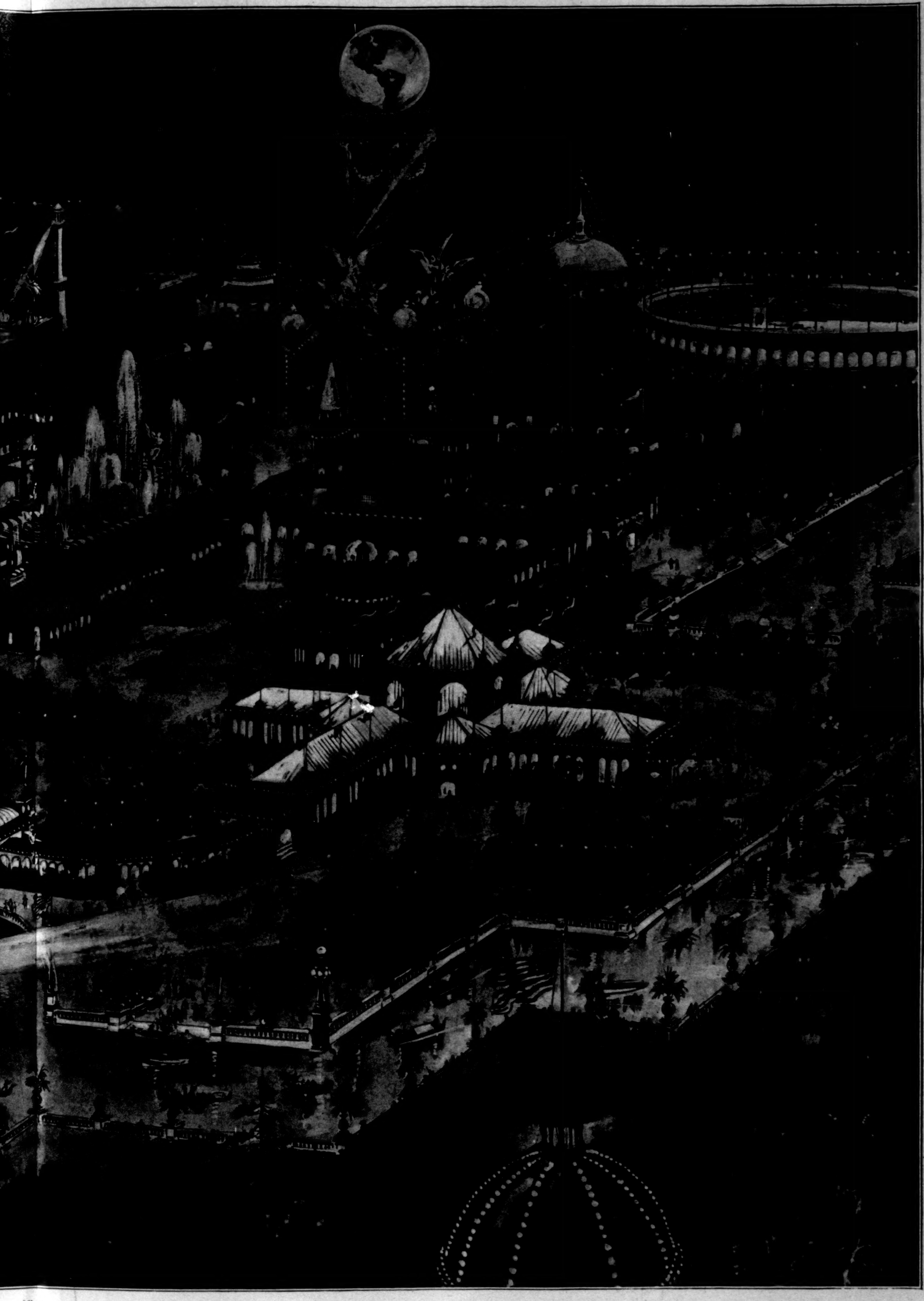
"I HAVE searched in all directions," remarked de Sancerre to Doña Julia, standing upon the river-bank and watching the early sunbeams as they greeted the rippling flood, "and I fear my captain's people did not abandon the canoe whose contents they left here as a gift from the good St. Maturin. But we are in good case! 'Tis a kindly stream, and its bosom will bear us gently to my



Music.
Midway.
Colonies.
Ethnology.
Transportation and Machinery.
Electricity.
Mi

THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION TO BE HELD

GENERAL EFFECT OF THE GROUNDS AT NIGHT.—DRAWN BY VICTOR PERARD FROM THE BLOCK PLAN OF THE BOARD


Electrical Tower.
Tropical Garden.
Stadium.
Mines.
Manufactures and Liberal Arts.
Forestry.
Graphic Arts.
State Building.
Agriculture.

LD AT BUFFALO, NEW YORK, MAY TO NOVEMBER, 1901.

OARD OF ARCHITECTS, IN ADVANCE OF THE FINAL ADOPTION OF THE DESIGNS FOR THE VARIOUS BUILDINGS.—[SEE PAGE 1119.]

friends. The walls of these frail huts will serve us well to form a raft."

The Spanish maiden watched the golden glory of the dawn, as it made a mirror of the stately stream, with eyes which glowed with happiness and peace. The dread of many perils which beset de Sancerre's mind found no reflection in the devout soul of Julia de Aquilar. Had not the saints wrought miracles to lead her from captivity? Weak indeed would be her faith if she doubted the kind persistence of their aid.

"'Tis but repaying what I owe, señora, if I should make you safe at last," continued de Sancerre, musingly, taking Doña Julia's hand in his. "You saved my life. You have not told me how you knew they'd dressed my fish with poison from the woods."

"Ah, monsieur," sighed the girl, regretting that he had recalled the sorrows and dangers of the past, which seemed to her at this glad hour like the unreal horrors of a nightmare, forever ended, "you must remember that I've spent a long, sad year in that City of the Sun. I'm quick to learn an alien tongue, and, without effort, I came to understand the language of the priests. The saints be praised, I'll know no more of it! And so I heard them plotting in the night outside my door to give you poison in the fish you ate. I prayed to Mother Mary to find a way—and, lo! my prayer was answered, for Noco came to me!"

"*Ma foi*, how much we owe to Noco!" exclaimed de Sancerre, scanning the river and the forest with searching eyes, as he turned to lead Doña Julia to the hut in which, through the aid of their aged companion, they were to break their fast. By means of the flintlock on his gun de Sancerre had kindled a fire, at which Noco had been cooking cakes of corn meal, the odor from which now mingled with the bracing fragrance of the cool May morning.

As they entered the hut the girl uttered a cry of dismay, and de Sancerre strode quickly to the prostrate form of their faithful counsellor and guide. Stretched before a snapping fire of twigs, with her last earthly task undone, lay Noco, dead, the grin and wrinkles smoothed from her old, brown face by the kindly hand of eternal sleep. The strain of the night's wild race had been too great for her brave heart, and, when called upon by the labor of the day, it had ceased to beat.

Doña Julia threw herself upon her knees beside the only friend she had known in her long captivity, and, with sobs and prayers, gave vent to the sorrow in her heart.

"*Nom de Dieu!* I think I loved that queer old hag!" murmured de Sancerre to himself, brushing a tear from his pale cheek, as he turned toward the wood fire to resume the work from which Noco had been called by death. "I thought there was no limit to the vigor in her frame! Alas for her, I set the pace too hot!"

But there was no time for sighs and vain regrets. De Sancerre knew the woods too well to let his fire long toss the smoke between the fissures of the hut. Removing the corn cakes from the blaze, he extinguished the flames at once, and urged Doña Julia to eat freely of a simple meal.

"Remember, señora," pleaded de Sancerre, earnestly, seeing that the sudden taking off of their aged comrade had robbed the sorrowing girl of all desire for food—"remember that the larder of our raft will be a crude affair. I know not when the luxury of corn cakes will tempt our teeth again."

Doña Julia smiled sadly, and renewed her efforts to do justice to a repast for which she had no heart.

"Think not, señor," she said, in Spanish, gazing at de Sancerre with eyes bright with pride and fortitude, "that I have learned no lessons from a year of peril and dismay. You knew me in the luxury of courts. Methinks you'll find me changed in many ways. I mourn old Noco. She saved me from despair. She hated Spaniards, but she worshipped me. Ah, señor, she had a loyal heart. May the saints be kind to her!"

"Amen!" exclaimed de Sancerre, fervently. "And now, señora, we have no time to lose. Untie the meal-bags in the corner there, and bring the cords to me. I'll pull a hut to pieces, and make a raft of logs upon the shore. For every mile the river puts between this spot and us I'll vow a candle to St. Maturin."

"*Courage*, mademoiselle!" he cried, gayly, in his native tongue, as Doña Julia, pale and silent, approached him from the hut. "Another hour will find us voyageurs at last. We'll name our gallant little ship *La Coyocop!*"

"The saints forefend!" exclaimed the girl, smiling at his fancy. "'Twould bring disaster with it! 'Tis a heathen name! We'll christen our good raft in honor of the Virgin or the saints. They have been very kind to us!"

"*Ma foi*, you speak the truth, *ma chère!* My patron saint, the kindly Maturin, has saved me from all blunders for a day. If ever I should see a godly land again, I'll raise an altar to his memory."

The mocking undertone in de Sancerre's light, laughing voice recalled to Doña Julia the old days at Versailles, when this same man, who, by a marvel wrought in paradise, now stood beside her in a wilderness, had touched upon many things which she had held in high regard with the irreverent wit of a flippant tongue. But, on the instant, she felt that she had been unjust to de Sancerre in taking, even for a moment, the path along which memory led. The earnest, courageous, resourceful man at her side was not the debonair, satirical cavalier whom she had known at court. If now and then his tongue, by habit, used flippant words to speak of mighty mysteries, the saints in heaven would forgive him this, for he had grown to be a man well worthy of their tender care.

The truth of this came to Doña Julia with renewed insistence as she and de Sancerre, having made the final preparations for their embarkation, knelt beside old Noco's corpse and, hand clasping hand, voiced a prayer for the repose of their faithful ally's soul.

"I dare not wait to give her burial," said de Sancerre, regretfully, as he and the girl left the hut, carrying to their raft what little corn meal and gunpowder their frail craft allowed to them as cargo. "But well I know the saints will treat her well. Her claim upon them is the same as mine."

Doña Julia glanced up at de Sancerre questioningly. He looked into her dark, earnest eyes with his heart in his, and answered her in Spanish:

"Old Noco worshipped you, señora—as I do! *Caramba!* What is that?"

The Frenchman stood motionless for a moment, watching an object which broke the monotony of the river's broad expanse on their left. Presently he placed the keg of gunpowder, which he had been carrying, upon the shore, and seizing the long, clumsy musket at his feet, examined the pan and hammer.

"What is it, señor?" asked the girl, calmly, glancing up the river at a bobbing white speck far to the northward, and then looking into de Sancerre's pale, set face with eyes in which no terror gleamed.

"I hardly know, señora!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "But I fancy 'tis a thing which has no hold upon the saints!"

"You think it is—"

"I fear it is a war-canoe of white-robed devils, whose only claim to mercy is that they knew you were from God. But listen, *ma chère*. They must not see you here! There is no safety for us within the woods, for they would find my raft and track us quickly to the trees. The weird moon-magic of this snaphance-gun must turn them from their course. Go back into the hut, and let their black eyes search for you in vain. With good St. Maturin's most timely gift I'll show them that a bullet is harder than their hearts."

"Ah, no—I cannot leave you now!" exclaimed the girl, shuddering at the prospect of a lonely vigil in the room where Noco lay.

"This is no place for you, señora," said de Sancerre, grimly, glancing again at the river, down which a large canoe, manned by ten stalwart sun-worshippers, which rose and fell upon the favoring tide, was approaching them with its menace of death for de Sancerre and captivity for the girl. "Go to the hut at once! I shall not keep you waiting long. If the magic of my musket should not avail, we'll test the friendliness of yonder trees. But, still, I think my merry gun will drive the cowards back."

A moment later de Sancerre, humming snatches of the love-song which he had sung before the cabin of the goddess Coyocop, fingered his musket with impatience as he waited for the war-canoe to swing within easy range of a weapon with which he had had no long experience.

"*Nom de Dieu!*" he muttered, as he raised the gun to his shoulder, and then lowered it again to await a more favorable opportunity for his initial shot. "They make a gallant show! Their sun-baked brawn and muscle form a target which would rejoice the heart of a *coureur des bois.*"

At that instant a cry of mingled rage and triumph arose from the paddlers as they discovered the picturesque figure, standing erect upon the bank, in tattered velvets, and toying with a curiously shaped implement which had no terrors for their unsophisticated eyes.

"*Ma foi*, I think the time is ripe to do my little trick!" exclaimed de Sancerre, gayly, a smile of derision playing across his thin lips as the echo of his pursuers' shout of delight and anger came back to him from the wall of forest trees. "My hand is steady and my heart is light! You black-haired devil, drop that paddle!"

The mimic lightning made by flint and steel changed powder into noise, and as the river and the trees tossed back and forth the echoes of the musket's roar, a dusky athlete, dropping his paddle with a moan, toppled over dead into the shimmer of the sun-kissed waves.

"*Bien, ma petite!*" cried de Sancerre, patting his smoking gun with grateful hand. "The magic of the moon is working well to-day."

For a moment the horrified sun-worshippers lost control of their canoe, and it drifted jerkily toward the centre of the stream. Presently, recovering their wits, they plunged their paddles into the flood and held their responsive, graceful boat steadfast on the waves, seemingly in doubt as to the course they should pursue.

"Confound them!" muttered the Frenchman, who had leisurely recharged his musket. "'Tis strange how slow these bright-eyed devils are to learn! Do they want ten miracles, when one should well suffice? They seem to crave another message from the moon. If I could hit a moving boat-load, I'll have no trouble now! They're steadying my target—to the greater glory of my magic gun! Adieu—once more!"

Again the peaceful day protested loudly against de Sancerre's noisy tricks, and the waters gained another victim from the worshippers of fire. There was no further hesitation aboard the great canoe. With paddles wielded by hands cold with fear, and arms bursting with the struggle to drive their boat beyond the fatal circle of a demon's witchery, the sun-worshippers frantically urged their primitive war-ship upward against the current of this treacherous river of death. Laying his faithful gun upon the bank, de Sancerre watched his retreating foes for a happy moment. Removing his torn bonnet with a flourish from his throbbing head, he made a stately bow, unheeded by the terrified canoe-men, and cried, gayly:

"*Adieu messieurs!* They'll hear of you in France anon! And then beware! Adieu!"

With a light heart, and feet which seemed to spurn the sloping bank, de Sancerre rushed toward the hut in which the woman of his love had been listening in terror to the scolding of his gun.

"Behold me, mademoiselle," he cried, jubilantly, as he drew the trembling girl to his breast, "a musketeer who wastes no powder upon his foes! I kiss your lips, my life and love! The prayers you sent to Heaven, I well know, have saved our lives again! Another kiss—and so we will embark."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MR. DOOLEY*

VII.—HIS OPINIONS ON THE TRANSVAAL

"IT looks like war," said Mr. Hennessy, who had been glancing at the flaming head-lines of an evening paper over Mr. Dooley's shoulder.

"It always does," said Mr. Dooley. "Since th' Czar iv Rooshia inthrajooced his no-fight risolution, they'se been no chanst that they wuddent be ructions."

"An' what's it all about?" demanded Mr. Hennessy. "I can't make head nor tail iv it at all, at all."

"Well, ye see, 'tis this way," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye see, th' Boers is a simple, pasthral people that goes about their business in their own way, raisin' hell with ivrybody. They was bor-rn with an aversion to society, an' whin th' English come they lit out befure thim, not likin' their looks. Th' English kept comin' an' the Boers kept movin', till they cuddent move anny further without bumpin' into Kitchener's ar-rmy, an' thin they settled down an' says they, 'This far shall we go,' says they, bein' a relijous people, 'an' divvle th' sthep further.' An' they killed off th' irrelijous naygurs an' started in f'r to raise cattle. An' at night they'd set outside iv their dorps—which, Hinnissy, is Dutch f'r two-story brick house an' lot—an' sip their la-ager an' swap horses an' match texts fr'm th' Bible f'r th' seegars, while th' childher played marbles with di'mon's as big as th' end iv ye'er thumb.

"Well, th' English heerd they was goold be th' bucket in ivry cellar fr'm Ooopencoff to Doozledorf—which, Hinnissy, is like New York an' San Francisco, bein' th' exthreme p'ints in th' counthry—an' they come on in gr-reat hordes, sturdy Anglo-Saxons fr'm Saxony—the Einsteins and Heidlebacks an' Werners; an' whin they'd took out goold enough so's they needed raycreation, they wanted to vote. 'An',' says Joe Chamberlain, he says, 'be hivins, they shall vote,' he says. 'Is it,' he says, 'possible that at this stage iv the wurruld's progress,' he says, 'an English gintleman shud be denied,' he says, 'the right to dhrop off a thrain annywhere in th' civilized wurruld an' cast his impeeryal vote?' he says. 'Give thim th' franchise,' he says, 'or be this an' be that!' he says, 'f'r we have put our hand to th' plough,' he says, 'an' we will not turn back,' he says.

"Kruger, that's th' main guy iv the Dutch—a fine man, Hinnissy, that looks like Casey's goat, an' has manny iv th' same peculyarities—he says, 'All r-right;' he says; 'I'll give thim th' franchise,' he says. 'Whin?' says Joe Chamberlain. 'In me will,' says Kruger. 'Whin I die,' he says—'an' I hope to live to be a hundherd if I keep on smokin' befure breakfast,' he says—'I'll bequeath to my fri'nds th' English, or such iv thim as was here befure I come, th' inalienable an' sacred right to demand fr'm me succissor th' privilege iv ilictin' an aldherman,' he says. 'But,' he says, 'in the mane time,' he says, 'we'll lave things the way they are,' he says. 'I'm old,' he says, 'an' not good-lookin',' he says, 'an' me clothes don't fit, an' they may be marks iv food on me vest,' he says, 'but I'm not more than half crazy; an' anny time ye find me givin' anny wan a chanst to vote me into a job dhrivin' a mule an' put in an English Prisidint iv this raypublic,' he says, 'ye may con-clude that ye'er uncle Paul needs a guarjeen!' he says.

"'Far be it fr'm me to suggest anny but peaceful measures,' says Sir Alfred Milner—that's th' lad they have down in Africa, th' injun agent—'f'r th' English an' Dutch shud wurruk together like brothers f'r th' removal iv th' naygur popylation,' he says, 'but,' he says, 'as a brother I politely suggest to ye that if ye don't give us what we want we'll hand ye a fraternal punch!' he says. 'F'r,' he says, 'we have put our hand to th' plough,' he says, 'an' we cannot turn back,' he says.

"'What Sir Alfred Milner says is thrue,' says Lord Selborne; an' what th' divvle he has to do about it I dinnaw. 'Th' situation is such,' he says, 'as to be intol'rable to a silf-rayspictin' Englishman,' he says. 'What a crime,' he says, 'that th' men who ar-re takin' most iv th' money out iv th' counthry shud not be allowed to stick in anny iv th' votes,' he says. 'We have, as Shakspere says, put our hand to the plough,' he says, 'an' we cannot turn back,' he says. 'I agree corjally with th' noble lord on th' r-red lounge abaft me,' says Lord Salisbury. 'With th' echoes of me own noble sintimints on th' peace proclamation iv me good fri'nd th' Czar iv Rooshia still ringin' in me ears,' he says, 'it wud ill become me to speak in force,' he says. 'I wud on'y say that if th' Transvaal Raypublic wud rather have a dum-dum bullet in its tum-tum thin grant to Englishmen th' r-right to run th' governmint, thin th' Transvaal Raypublic 'll have both!' he says. 'I will add,' he says, 'that we have put our hand to th' plough, an' we will not turn back,' he says.

"Well, sir, 'twas up to Kruger, an' he knocked th' ashes out iv his pipe on his vest, an' says he, 'Gintlemen,' he says, 'I wud like to do me best to accomydate ye,' he says. 'Nawthin' short iv a severe attack iv sickness wud plaze me so much as to see long lines iv Englishmen marchin' up to th' polls an' depositin' their ballots again' me f'r Prisidint,' he says. 'But,' he says, 'I'm an old man,' he says. 'I was ilicted young, an' I've niver done annything since,' he says. 'I wuddent know what to do without it,' he says. 'What ye propose is to make an ex-Prisidint iv me. D'ye think I cud sthand that? D'ye think at my age I wud be contint to dash fr'm wan justice coort to another pleadin' f'r habyas-corpus writs or test me principles iv personal expansion in a Noo Jarsey village?' he says. 'I'd rather be a dead Prisidint thin a live ex-Prisidint. If I have anny pol-itical ambition I'd rather be a Grant or a Garfield thin a Cleveland or a Harrison,' he says. 'I may 've read it in th' Bible, though I think I saw it in a scand'lous book me fri'nd Rhodes left in his bed-room las' time he called on me, that ye shud niver discard an ace to dhraw to a flush,' he says. 'I deplore th' language, but th' sintimint is sound,' he says. 'An' I believe ye'er intintions to presarve peace ar're honest, but I don't like to see ye pullin' off ye'er coat, an' here goes f'r throuble whilt ye have ye'er arms in th' sleeves,' he says. 'F'r,' he says, 'ye have put ye'er hand in th' reaper an' it cannot turn back,' he says.

"An' there they go, Hinnissy. I'm not again' England in this thing, Hinnissy, an' I'm not again' th' Boers. Like Mack I'm divided on a matther iv principle between a desire to cemint th' 'liance an' an effection f'r the Dutch vote. But if Kruger had spint his life in a rale raypublic where they burn gas, he cud 've settled th' business without losin' sleep. If I was Kruger there'd 've been no war."

"What wud ye have done?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"I'd give thim th' votes," said Mr. Dooley. "But," he added, significantly, "I'd do th' countin'."

F. P. DUNNE.

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BUFFALO'S PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION FOR 1901

I.

FROM May 1 to November 1, 1901, Buffalo will hold an exposition designed to illustrate the material progress of the New World in the nineteenth century, and to promote social and commercial relations between the United States and the other republics and the colonies of the Western Hemisphere. Possibly, and as I think probably, it will illustrate and promote a great deal more than this; at the present moment its possibilities are much more apparent than its limitations. It has in its favor the incalculable advantage of a novel and genial central idea, which was planted opportunely, and has been growing vigorously in this day of large things. It started "a jar o' the clock" before the war with Spain, which liberated certain impulses; and since its formal title, "The Pan-American Exposition," was adopted, the term "Pan-American" has taken on a new significance.

Moreover, the plans have not yet grown into a tree which cannot be bent; in fact, that portion of the plans relating to the important matters intrusted to the board of architects has but recently come to a definite statement. The architectural board held a meeting in New York city on July 12, at which meeting there was a general discussion of the block plan of the exposition buildings, and drawings which were more or less in the nature of tentative proposals were submitted by the members of the board—three of these gentlemen hailing from Buffalo, an equal number from New York city, and two from Boston; while the supervising architect of the Treasury, who has charge of the United States government building, the New York State architect, and several representatives of the Buffalo executive were also present. At a meeting held in Buffalo on July 21 a block plan was adopted, subject to further development as to detail, and the closing of certain open questions occurred during a conference of the board of architects and subcommittee on architectural work in the Boston Public Library building on August 22.

II.

IT is interesting to note the comparatively small beginning of a plan which now promises large results in a new field of endeavor.

When speaking in favor of the bill which provided for a national government exhibit at Buffalo and appropriated half a million dollars for the purpose, Mr. Alexander said: "The idea of this exposition had its inception when the great cataract of Niagara was successfully harnessed so that its tremendous water power could be converted into electric power. Our purpose is to demonstrate to the world, and especially to the Western Hemisphere, that Niagara Falls is not only capable of, but now is developing. a power greater than is known elsewhere in the whole world, and we desire to make this exposition a celebration of that event."

A larger view was expressed by one of the speakers who addressed the Buffalo Historical Society on the 25th of last January, and who, after characterizing as "local in purpose" the expositions at Atlanta, Nashville, New Orleans, San Francisco, and Omaha, said that the Pan-American would be truly international, and that "we must make it bring together all the people who live to the south of us, representing more than sixty millions." Looking towards these southern republics, and perhaps for a moment overlooking certain barriers that intervene, the same speaker expressed the opinion that it was possible to make the coming exposition much more interesting than the others, not even excepting the World's Fair at Chicago and the Centennial at Philadelphia. "I heard a business man in Mexico say," he continued, "that his country had never been properly represented at any exposition. Minister Romero of Mexico said that his country would undoubtedly erect a building at the Pan-American Exposition, and make a better display than at Paris." The Washington representative from Venezuela also, as we learn from the same source, suggested that the South Americans would see where they could improve on their exhibits after they had been installed in the assemblage of the world's products at Paris in 1900, and that the Buffalo exposition in the following year would have the benefit of such experience. Still another view received the chief emphasis in a report of the Committee on Ways and Means of the House of Representatives, submitted on May 4, 1898, which stated that the exhibition had for its object the extension of our trade relations with all the other American countries.

Thus we see that advocates of the enterprise have regarded their attractive subject from several different points of view. It has been proposed as an occasion for the display of the marvellous conversion of power at Niagara Falls, as an occasion for the cultivation of the friendship of Latin-America, and as an opportunity for the extension of trade relations; and, quite naturally, as soon as its scope had become continental, the date of its celebration suggested a review of all America's progress in the nineteenth century. Considerations of a more general character, which have been urged by almost every one who has spoken or written on the subject, are the following: 1. An exposition on a large scale, such as is now contemplated, has never yet been held within the borders of New York or the adjacent New England States. 2. Buffalo occupies a position so central and easy of access that more than one-half of the population of the American continent north of Mexico can reach the exposition in a single day's journey. 3. The site of the exposition is within forty minutes' ride of the falls of Niagara. 4. The climate of Buffalo during the summer months is especially agreeable, and the city is with very good reason regarded as one of the most healthful in the United States.

III.

THE choice of a site for the exposition buildings, after careful inquiry as to the merits of several proposed locations in the neighborhood of Buffalo, naturally influenced the development of the plans. The site actually chosen is a tract adjoining Delaware Park, lying immediately north of Buffalo's finest residence district, and including the park lake, with its islands and wooded banks. The natural features suggested the creation of beautiful and brilliant effects—a "festive scene," as one of those chiefly concerned has expressed it. Moreover, the view was accepted that monumental architecture, as exemplified at Chicago, Nashville, Omaha, and Atlanta, had been somewhat overdone, and the chairman of the advisory board declared, "We decided that the buildings of the Pan-American, instead of being classical and monumental, should be treated in free renaissance." At present the prevailing opinion seems to be that the management should have a special care for the entertainment, rather than the instruction, of all those who will come from far and near to the fair enclosure, treating them as guests rather than as scholars, and trusting the American manufacturer to make his display of mowing-machines (let us say) sufficiently prominent. Already the committee on plans and the advisory board of architects have promised wonderful fountains, new "enchanted lakes," the use of all color possible in the treatment of exterior surfaces, a great deal of sculpture, a "Midway," a great stadium for the games and sports of the world, and such applications of electricity as the world has never seen. Electrical power generated at the Falls and carried over cables to the exposition-grounds is to work the miracles as well as do the drudgery. Instead of a severe "white city," then, we are to have an *ensemble* which will suggest the luxurious South in its rich coloring and free ornamentation, even while displaying the latest achievements of the strenuous North.

And a particularly fascinating idea is still to be mentioned. With the object of illustrating progress in civilization and the industrial arts by a comparison of Americans of to-day with the aboriginal inhabitants, the several republics and colonies will be urged to bring to Buffalo a village of aborigines from their own territories, and place them on the grounds "in a manner which will show their native habits of life, customs, occupations, and industries; their religious rites, their means of warfare and navigation, and such ethnological collections as shall connect the present with the prehistoric past." Villages of the native tribes of North-American Indians will also be shown.

The United States Government Building will contain an exhibit which, in the language of the act of March 2, shall be designed to illustrate, among other things, "the function and administrative faculty of the government in time of peace, its resources as a war power, and its relations to the other American republics, tending to demonstrate the nature of our institutions and their adaptation to the wants of the people"; but, naturally, one does not find in the act a sparkling sentence to do justice to that feature of the plan which relates to the Philippines, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and Cuba—with the promise of realizing the characteristics of tropical islands, and perhaps even showing how well *their* institutions are adapted to the wants of *their* people. The State of New York has appropriated $300,000 to pay the expense of its exhibit. In a Senate report the statement is made that the organization under which the exposition is working has met with a degree of popular favor unexampled in the history of the country: "It was undertaken to finance the exposition not by appeals to capitalists or the placing of mortgage indebtedness, but by an open and direct appeal to the people of the Niagara frontier and western New York *en masse*. The result was a surprise to the most sanguine. The number of subscribers already exceeds 11,000, and the subscriptions range in amounts from $10 to $50,000, upward of $1,500,000 having been subscribed." As a matter of fact, almost all of the subscribers are residents of Buffalo.

I have heard with regret that serious doubt has quite recently been expressed in regard to the full co-operation of the Latin republics. The officers of the exposition no doubt realize that there are prejudices to be overcome, that the people of South and Central America naturally look to Paris rather than to New York as the source of many things which we might as well supply, and that there is a lack of initiative in the Spanish-American character. But such difficulties as may be encountered will be accepted, I earnestly hope, as a challenge to extraordinary effort; and perhaps it will be found that the attachment of South-Americans to things European is not so strong as we are apt to imagine, or rather is not so strong as it was formerly. Significant of a tendency towards Americanization is, for example, the announcement made on July 15 that the Latin-American Episcopate had been severed from the control of the Spanish primate, and that the Church of South America would in future have an American-born primate. Perhaps the scene which our artist's drawing anticipates is destined to be always associated with the story of the further development of this tendency; at any rate, one is safe in saying that the country at large will heartily second Buffalo's undertaking as soon as the most important feature in the exposition plan shall have become generally known, and its timeliness and value justly appreciated.

MARRION WILCOX.

Philadelphia Photographic Salon

THIS second annual exhibition of the Philadelphia Photographic Salon, now being held in the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, is in several respects even more satisfactory than last year's. The latter, it is true, reached a very high plane of excellence, was more artistic, and proved a revelation to many of the inherent possibilities of photography practised as a fine art. But it was just this element of surprise upon the part of the public that was detrimental to the effect of the exhibition.

It acted in two ways. In the first place, through the public's unpreparedness for the actual treat they were to experience, a false atmosphere was created. The press devoted columns to expressions of astonishment and to demonstrating that, after all, photography had claims to be considered as a branch of the fine arts. This was creditable to its intelligence and open-mindedness, but not conducive to that quietly critical attitude of mind which knows itself and tries to fathom the point of view and accomplishment of others. On the other hand, it reacted also upon the photographers. They came forward in a certain combativeness, determined to arrest and convince the respect of the philistine. This attitude is equally a faulty one; inevitably it involves a certain degree of posing. Moreover, the photographers themselves are progressing towards a riper knowledge of their art. Last year there was much evidence of tentativeness. The artists were experimenting not only with methods, but also with motives. Fascinated with the discovery that they could do so much with their craft, that it was capable of reaching effects hitherto supposed to be the sole prerogative of the brush, there was more than a slight tendency to force this side of the question to the detriment of the broader question, "What is the peculiar province of photography?" The methods, therefore, were often more commendable than the motives.

Some comments in these columns upon this subject were taken very ill by one of the photographic periodicals, which quite unjustly attributed to the writer a spirit of contemptuous superiority. As a matter of fact, although his views may have had no sort of influence, they seem to be substantiated in the present exhibition. The suggestion was simply that the proper field of photography, the one in which it could display its distinctive possibilities, free from the unequal competition with painting, lay in the direction of portraiture and landscape. If to accuracy and spontaneity of record were added just composition, correctness in the graduated values of tone, and a treatment which expressed something of the photographer's own personality, then his work has qualities and special capabilities which establish its dignity and usefulness as an auxiliary branch of art. But if its technical possibilities to approach the effects of painting delude the photographer into the notion that he can compete with the painter on his own ground, and he there and then projects a subject in his mind, chooses his models, dresses them up, or, as the case may be, undresses them, puts them in various positions, surrounds them with properties, and tries to talk the conception that he has in his mind into their very different minds, and thereby thinks he is making a picture—then he is "off the track." His dependence upon his models is fatal. He cannot correct discrepancies, either physical or mental. He has abnegated the final individuality of the artist.

This was the front of offence, unhappily misunderstood, and yet it seems to have been justified. Landscapes and portraiture are in the majority in this exhibition, especially the latter. Not that the term portraiture must be understood only in the limited sense of securing a personal record. Very often this aim has been frankly sought, and the artist has superadded the charm of a picture. In many cases he just as frankly subordinates the personal record to the pictorial effect, and there is a final stage in which the picture is unreservedly the motive, and the subject is merely a model.

All these phases of motive are represented in the present exhibition. It is quite possible to note some broad distinctions here, and they are certainly interesting. Thus, the frankest examples of the "good likeness" at any price, not without artistic arrangement, characteristic, and, above all, personal, come from England and Scotland; but from Edinburgh, not Glasgow, which is suggestive. In the case of the French work, the individual charm of the sitter is unhesitatingly preserved, but the pictorial motive is much more discernible, and yet almost entirely in the purely technical direction of lighting. So far as present examples indicate, the artist's aim is quite impersonal. He puts nothing of himself into his work.

With the best of the American exhibits it is very different. They reveal an unresting determination to probe the capabilities of the art to a depth undreamt of by their competitors, doing so from the irrepressible desire to express themselves. Consequently the best of their work is unmistakably distinguished. Sometimes it goes beyond the limits of abstract artistic expression, confusing it by metaphysical issues or religious motives. Thus we are treated this year to a repetition of the dead Christ and weeping Magdalene; and as if this composition, in view of the way in which it is got together and of the circumstances which interfere with any complete expression of the photographer's religious conception, were not sufficiently distasteful alike to religious and to artistic susceptibilities, there is even a Christ upon the cross! Such a divagation from good taste is intolerably silly.

In the division of landscape, the distinction between the work of the English exhibitors and that of the others is equally marked. It is the same distinction that is found in painted landscape. The Englishman is a creature of out-of-doors. His intimacy with nature is habitual and necessary—he grows up a part of it. When he finds himself upon the mountains or moorlands, in presence of the sea or down by the slow windings of one of his little rivers, he gives himself up to the scene, and takes from it a temporary sustenance and inspiration. He is not outside of it, studying its moods or seeking to make them interpret his own. Hence there is a literalness in his representations of nature. One finds it through most of his photographic landscapes. They are beautiful bits of nature—but not nature deflected through the prism of the artist's temperament. In a word, they fail on the side of art. On the other hand, the American landscape photograph, like its sisters in oil or water-color, is almost invariably artistic, at any rate in intention. There are some beautiful examples in the present Salon.

Indeed, the whole exhibition, as a source of instruction, as well as of enjoyment, cannot be too highly commended.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

"BEAUTY IS TRUTH."—F. Holland Day.

"PETER."—Gertrude Käsebier.

"THE BRUSHES OF CAMEL'S-HAIR."—Gertrude Käsebier.

"LA FEMME INCONNUE."—Eva L. Watson.

"MENELIK."—F. Holland Day.

NOTABLE EXHIBITS AT THE 1899 PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON, PHILADELPHIA.—[See Page 1119.]

AMATEUR SPORT

PENNSYLVANIA'S football misfortunes have been immensely instructive in respect to showing just how far the spirit of sport for sport's sake has spread among us.

They have provided evidence of devotion by a student body to an ideal in sport—and back of that, to a university ideal—regardless of the results of particular games, dear as success is to the undergraduate, and, indeed, to the American heart.

And they have stirred anew the hateful spirit which seemingly needed but an excuse to flame. Not since the old days of common professionalism and legislative haggling has there been an exhibition so offensive to sportsmen as the malicious criticism of Pennsylvania in several newspapers, whose editors apparently have surrendered their sporting columns to the exploitation of partisan grievances.

I cannot refrain from condemning without reserve the sly suggestions of these anonymous writers that Pennsylvania, having suffered defeat several times this season, is no longer to be considered on equal terms with the other leading universities, and should therefore be relegated to a lower class. It is not the fact (for schedules, and even affiliations may, with excellent reason, change annually) that I condemn, but the contemptible spirit that raises again that partisan cry which should have been long ago hushed to silence forever.

Criticised abroad, there were even indications at first that Pennsylvania was to be deserted at home, which would indeed have been the last straw, for the craven desertion by a student body of its *alma mater* in her athletic extremity is inexpressibly contemptible; it is the abandonment of the mother by the babe she has suckled; it is the door slammed in our face by the friend whom we have nourished and trusted; it is desertion of comrades when the enemy presses hard; it is a startling confession that applauds sport for the sake of winning, but turns the back on sport for sport's sake.

But Pennsylvania's student body has in the main been loyal, and not lacking in that enthusiastic support especially needful to a demoralized team.

Apropos of which I quote herewith, to extol and commend it to all undergraduates, an excerpt from an editorial in the university paper, *The Pennsylvanian*, issue of October 23:

> .... We can simply repeat what we said of last week's defeat—that our visitors deserve our heartiest congratulations for the game they put up, and the straightforward way in which they beat us.
>
> Too much, however, cannot be said against a certain tendency which seems to have appeared among the student body, of decrying the team because it is not as strong as Pennsylvania's team of past years. We have said before that Pennsylvania knows how to take defeat; we repeat the assertion, with the qualification that her students show a spirit of giving up as soon as defeated. This will never do; every student must learn that Pennsylvania goes into sport for sport's sake—that sport is primary, winning secondary. It will not do to give up simply because we cannot always win. Pennsylvania's team of this year is, with all its players in good condition, the best team that Pennsylvania can put out. It is an honest, hard-working team, and always does its level best. This is all that can be asked; this is the purpose for which we have a team.
>
> The students must not stop supporting the team because of its defeats....

Here speaks the spirit of a sportsman. A spirit which should be manifest in the editorial columns of every undergraduate paper.

PERHAPS no explanation of Pennsylvania's unusually poor showing is so popular among a certain class of ex-Pennsylvania players as the abandonment of "summer practice." Yet does any Pennsylvanian remember, I wonder, their team of several years ago, which spent a month in preparation at a resort, and then played very indifferent football until just before the very end of the season? In fact, except in the matter of frequent defeat, an experience somewhat similar to that of the '99 team.

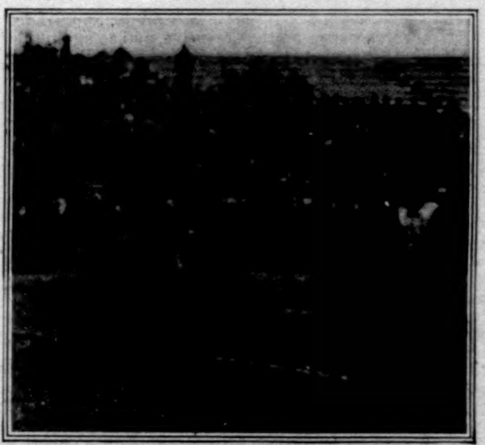
Those of Pennsylvania who uphold extended preliminary practice have claimed as its most valuable feature lessening of accidents in the early weeks of the regular season. Now while Pennsylvania certainly seems to have unusually suffered from the loss of players, through bruises and one or another of the ills to which football flesh is heir, yet the demoralizing results are apparently due more to the importance to the team of the several bruised players, than to their number.

Pennsylvania appears not to have had an actually greater number of individuals laid up than the average at other leading universities, but she has been more unfortunate, in that her losses were where she could least afford them.

To attribute the blame for Pennsylvania's misfortunes to a reduced period of preliminary work is simply specious, nothing less. How is it that Pennsylvania, of the larger universities, stands alone in this belief? Is fairly good work in the early season an invariable accompaniment only of long preliminary practice?

Pennsylvania had a week or ten days more of preliminary work this year than Harvard, Yale, or Princeton. Indeed, it is well worth recording that the two Eastern colleges—Pennsylvania and Cornell—which had the longest period of preliminary work have shown the poorest form.

Will those who so stoutly advocate preliminary work maintain that the character of undergraduates at Pennsylvania is of different calibre from that at Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, and that Pennsylvanians therefore require a longer period of training and drilling preliminary to the opening of college and the football season?



RICHARDS (YALE) MAKING 65-YARD RUN.

How can Pennsylvania's misfortunes, accidents, etc., be attributed to lack of sufficient preliminary training, when we consider that her football candidates enjoyed a longer period of such preparation than those of Harvard, Yale, or Princeton, whence comes no tale of woe more desperate than the usual "hard-luck story"?

In my judgment, Pennsylvania's trouble is the direct result of a too ambitious schedule, which gave her team—green in some positions—severe contests before it was prepared for them, and the not unnatural defeat was followed as naturally by demoralization.

IN Middle-Western football, Michigan, Chicago, and Wisconsin will in all likelihood, as they did last year, occupy a class by themselves. Northwestern, Purdue, and Minnesota for four or five years ranked with the three named, but have not kept pace with the game's development during the past two seasons. Illinois came approximately to the front rank two seasons ago, but has also taken a humbler place. Oberlin and Iowa State University are most likely to head the second class of Middle-Western teams this autumn.

It is not, perhaps, so much that Purdue, Illinois, and even Minnesota have gone backward as it is that the three leading teams have so advanced, the past few seasons, as to have exhibited the best all-round play (last year) that the Middle West ever beheld. Northwestern has unquestionably retrograded, for which lack of proper spirit, due to a shifting policy and shambling ethics, is responsible.

Probably the Middle West largely owed its '98 prominence to the great performances of Herschberger of Chicago and O'Dea of Wisconsin, who were the best two men in the country at all-round kicking. However, it is noteworthy that Michigan, outclassed in kicking by both Wisconsin and Chicago, yet became the leading team of the West by defeating Chicago on Thanksgiving day. At the same time, as evidencing the general progress, Michigan had never before so generally or so successfully employed the kicking game, a department in which she has been conspicuously weak for some years.

ETHICS in the Middle West have improved at a rate fairly rivalling the progress of playing skill. Yet there has, so far, been no much-needed faculty restriction of preliminary practice, and the spirit of winning still rules so strongly that men here and there are permitted to become candidates at the risk of creating suspicion of the good intentions of the coach and of the university itself.

No man should be permitted to play whose antecedents as an amateur are not clearly established.

Winconsin cannot play Holmes (and did not against Yale, I am glad to record to her credit) and keep good faith with the other members of the faculty conference that subscribed to certain agreements looking to fostering the best interests of college sport. And Chicago will create suspicion as to her good faith if Wellington or any other man of similar summer baseball and athletic club football experience is permitted to join her eleven.

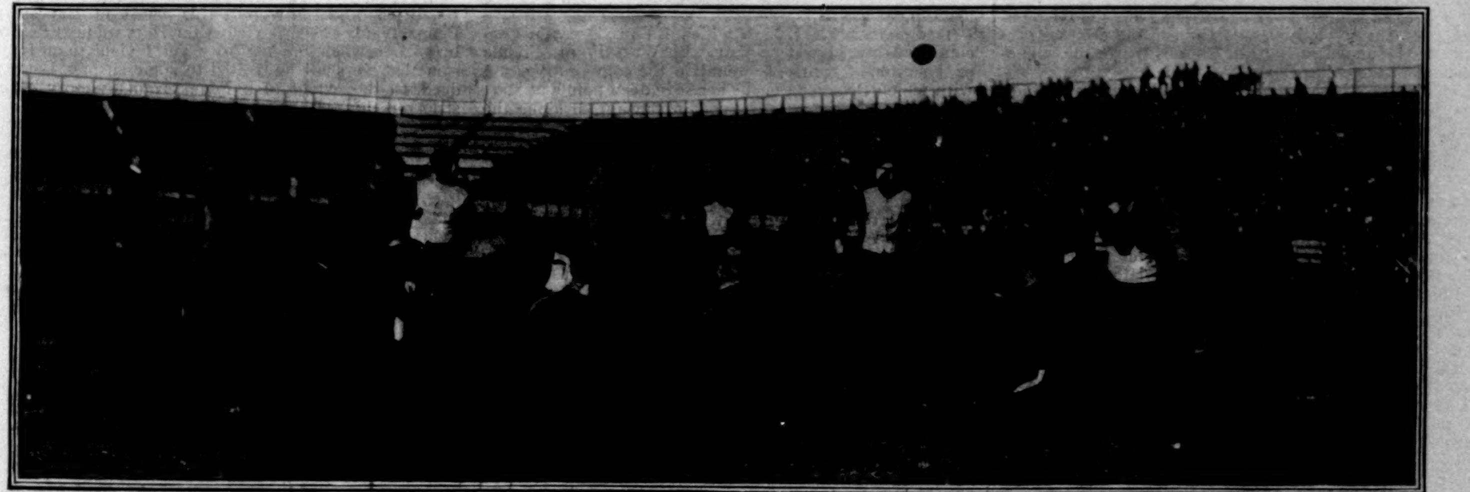
Beloit appears to make no improvement in the ethics of her teams. At least they are frank. They seem to have no shame for their offences, or to make any pretence of bettering them. The old Williams and Michigan player Hollister is now in charge of Beloit's athletics, and ought to be capable of better things ethically.

NOTRE DAME, after all the promises of reform, seems, I regret to say, apparently unable to keep her teams above suspicion.

Among the candidates for the eleven are three—Wag-

YALE GOING AROUND WISCONSIN'S END.

SHARPE BUCKING INTO THE LINE, SUPPORTED BY McBRIDE.



O'DEA PUNTING.

YALE-WISCONSIN AT NEW HAVEN.

ner, Hanley, Duncan—who last year played on the South Bend Commercial Athletic Club. Wagner was graduated from Purdue two years ago, and found employment in a drug-store at South Bend. Hanley played on the Notre Dame team of '96, and confessedly was not a *bona fide* student at the time. Asked what he took at the college, he naïvely replied, "Baths!" Not an undesirable course, especially for a football-player, but hardly sufficient to maintain class-room standing.

It may not be that these men are paid—I make no such claim; that, however, like Columbia's three ex-Knickerbocker A. C. men, they are enrolled to serve football, seems evident.

WISCONSIN'S showing against Yale, at New Haven, was strong, and yet disappointing in the monotony of its attack. It is surprising that, with the material this Western team has, an offensive game of greater merit should not have been developed.

As it is, reliance seems to be placed entirely on O'Dea's field-goal-kicking ability. However productive this ability may be in the West, it counted for naught at New Haven, and could never be relied upon to score against a fast, aggressive team.

O'Dea made four attempts, against Yale, at goal from field; three were blocked, and one so hurried as to miscarry badly. As a punter O'Dea is unequalled—but he is too slow to drop goals against a first-class team, even though it be but midway in its practice season.

It was an interesting game, and showed how Western football has developed. On the defensive, Wisconsin showed the results of thorough drilling, with no attempts at originality. In the first half, when Yale fumbled away several chances to score, and the backs started as though each had the southern end of his jacket loaded with lead, Wisconsin prevented any appreciable gains through her line. In the second half, however, Yale displayed speed, and went through the visiting line for gain upon gain, only to do it all over again after O'Dea had punted, as he did almost invariably as soon as Wisconsin secured possession of the ball. The Westerners conducted themselves in a sportsmanly manner, and played a clean, hard game from first to last.

YALE in the second half gave a fairly promising showing for a team with its first important game over a month away; there was quite a bit of unpardonable fumbling, and the ball went back very badly at times; but, on the whole, it was, from a Yale point of view, an encouraging exhibition. This applies especially to the work of the ends—Schweppe and Thomas—who worked intelligently on the defensive, and got down the field pretty well under McBride's kicks, though they must quicken their pace and be more certain in tackling. Perhaps it was only imagination, but I fancied McBride kicked the ball much to accommodate the moderate speed of the ends; if so, it would be better for Yale's chances against Harvard, and especially against Princeton, if her ends were coached to get under the ball, rather than the full-back cautioned not to overkick them. All that extra distance will be needed in November.

The line gives indications of becoming stiff; though, aside from Stillman, there is not much suggestion of that getting into the play for which Yale's linemen were once noted. Still, it is rather early to judge, perhaps.

Back of the line there are several half-backs of promise, two or three of whom may close the season in the top rank, but none of whom has yet revealed work of that class.

All in all, Yale, without having stars, has yet a number of candidates with possibilities, and they are being developed carefully, and not too rapidly.

WHATEVER promise of attaining high-class play Yale may have given in the game with Wisconsin, October 21, certainly no realization of it was apparent during the forty minutes the eleven was buffeted around Manhattan Field one week later by the team representing Columbia University. Excepting last year, when Harvard won so impressively, no one has ever seen a Yale team so outplayed as this one of '99 was last Saturday. The New York team actually outclassed Yale, and though the official score was 5-0 in its favor, really another touch-down was clearly earned.

Indeed but for fumbling they might have made yet one more, for certainly the merit of their play warranted a larger score than they achieved. The team-work of the New-Yorkers was as good as the best seen thus far this year, their tackling first class, and their running game fast and hard. Weeks and Morley are two as clever half-backs as have appeared on the field this season, and Wright, Longacre, Knapp, and Smyth were especially notable in the line.

The general work of this team, in fact, was thoroughly first class, reflecting able coaching and diligent drilling, and my regret is deep and sincere that I am unable to endorse it as a *bona fide* university team in the ethical sense understood and accepted at all colleges where the wholesomeness of the college sport is considered.

I confess to criticising Columbia with some reluctance, because I am assured of a faculty and alumni sympathy with healthful athletics, which in the absence of needed eligibility rules seems impotent at the moment. Athletics at Columbia the last half-dozen years or so have created little interest, aside from that given the crew, and their conduct has been entirely in the hands of undergraduates, captains, and managers. A year ago rules were formulated and a faculty athletic committee appointed, but the former are incomplete and the latter unacquainted with the requirements of modern collegiate athletics. It is due, I am sure, to the inexperience of this otherwise worthy committee that recent public endorsement of the football team in its entirety was made. It is due too, I have no doubt, to ignorance of matters ethical that my purpose in disclosing the status of the team has been misinterpreted by Columbia men generally.

I should not again have alluded to this matter but for the public endorsement referred to, and I cannot witness the endorsement, even in ignorance, of a condition which I believe is impure, and know to be a menace to healthful college sport, without raising my voice in earnest protest. If the Faculty Athletic Committee will make a thorough investigation, the truth of what I have said will be realized—*viz.*, that Larendon, Miller, and Neidlinger were persuaded, because of their well-known football skill, to enroll in the School of Political Science, where there is no daily roll-call or entrance examinations.

I did not intend to include Wilson in this category, for his attendance and record suggest for him other intentions than football-playing. My reference to him concerned his having coached a small college eleven for money, and of course thereby lost his amateur status. If the committee searches diligently, it will discover more than I have written.

MERE defeat of Yale in her preparatory season by so strong a team as this New York combination, which includes four or five veterans of several years' standing, is not of itself so surprising, though there is shock enough in the fact, too, considering that never before was Yale defeated, except by Harvard or Princeton.

But the character of Yale's play on Saturday was truly surprising, it must be confessed. The runners started off slowly and the interference straggled; there was some good individual effort, but no team-work. And the tackling in the open was miserable. Time and again the New York runners shook off the Yale tacklers as though they were schoolboys, and only once did the ends get down on a kick for a good tackle. On all other occasions the New-Yorkers carried the ball back for from 15 to 30 yards. Yale played, in fact, as though they were dead tired; they plugged away at the game, but without aggression and without effect.

Discouraging to Yale men as the showing on Saturday may have been, there is yet remaining three weeks of the preparatory period, and in that time, and with the material at New Haven, a first-class team can and will, I think, be developed.

Whatever strength Yale attains this year, however, must come from perfection in team-work and in swift action, as, individually considered, her eleven is not equal to that of Harvard or Princeton, whom Yale meets on the 18th and 25th, respectively.

UNTIL Princeton is tried out by the Carlisle Indians on the 11th it is impossible to judge how far the several suggestions of promise given in earlier games have materialized into actual features of the team's dependable playing strength.

There is no disputing the individual excellence of Princeton's line; it had great individual merit last year, and has shown it on several occasions this season. Last year, too, it was strong on the defensive, and so again this year it has shown that it can be on occasion. But in '98 it lacked cohesion in offensive work; it did not help out the half-backs; it was not, in a word, a scoring team.

There is some improvement in this respect this season—indeed, for short periods of play the team has shown sharp aggressive work; but again the old sluggishness and individual effort-making have returned often enough to create uncertainty as to the real form of the eleven.

Latterly the periods of snappy work are longer and the relapses into the old style less frequent. For that reason, there are at this writing many indications pointing to a very strong team coming out of New Jersey this year.

And certainly there is the basis for it—with a strong rush-line, the two cleverest sprinting ends in the country, and a kicking full-back who is near the very top of his class. Wheeler and his two ends, Poe and Palmer, work with clocklike precision and in complete unison. No other team is so well off at this stage of the season's development in this important quality. With the exception of left tackle, every place on the Princeton line is filled, and that one is practically provided for.

Behind the line, in the half-back positions, the situation is not so satisfactory to the coaches. Quarter is well taken care of by Hutchinson or Duncan, and Wheeler is of course a fixture at full, but a satisfying quantity of first-class material is certainly wanting for the half-back positions. Yet Princeton has in Kafer and Levick at least two men who will, unless I greatly overestimate the signs of promise revealed in their play, close the season well up on the list of notable performers. But the game of to-day demands a well-supplied back field, though having only one important match may make amends for Princeton's deficiencies in this department. Besides, there are likely candidates who may develop.

PRINCETON'S best showing thus far was made against West Point, who was defeated (23-0) in a manner that left no doubt of the university eleven's strength when working together and with steam up.

In fact, it was the first time this season the Princeton attack had shown the real spirit of aggressive play. There was not a substitute on the line or behind it, except at full-back, when the game started, and the work of the team was just about as good as could be expected in the third week of the season.

The back field worked well together and with the line, and the game was cleanly played as to the men and the handling of the ball.

The game with Lehigh which followed was not so commendably played as that with West Point. Some explanation, of course, is found in the comparative ease with which Princeton made her seventeen points at start of the game, and the consequent easing up all along the line. Still, it is these streaks of careless play alternating with thoroughly good work that make it impossible to judge of Princeton's potential strength. And, too, it is the habit of falling into slow, disjointed work that permits of the team being occasionally made a show of by the strong scrub eleven, which is under the captaincy of Charles Young, the ex-Cornell quarter-back, now attending the Princeton Seminary. The kicking game Princeton played against Lehigh was not a credit to the team.

CORNELL'S defeat of Princeton (5-0) at Ithaca on Saturday may be written down as the greatest achievement in Cornell's football career. And the glory comes not so much from its being the first victory over Princeton on the gridiron as in the triumph over a veteran eleven of greater potential strength by one that, because of internal disturbance and unsettled policy, had been on the verge of demoralization.

To have pulled themselves together for a supreme effort after the disasters that have overtaken them this season speaks volumes of praise for the quality of the players, and for the character of coaching they received since their return from Chicago.

The result of the game tends also to emphasize how vital a factor to success are swift and strong line-breaking half-backs. Despite the supposed superiority of Princeton, there can be no doubt Cornell won her victory strictly on merit, for the home team outplayed the visitors in every respect. Cornell's improvement over her display against Chicago was remarkable. She played a fast team game, with interference that formed instantly and moved swiftly and compactly. Princeton, beginning with no notion of possible defeat, was quickly put on the defensive by the directness and aggression of Cornell's work, and never attained to perfect team-play. Her running and interference were feeble compared with Cornell's, while her best defence could not keep her centre from being pierced repeatedly. Cornell did not cross Princeton's goal, but Young made a pretty field-goal from the thirty-yard line, and Princeton was never near to scoring.

HARVARD has a team this year equally as strong as that of last year in every respect save punting. In fact, her line, though not showing it against the Indians, will be even stronger than in '98 in defensive work, while for the attack there is an array of backs such as no other university has. Harvard, in fact, has three sets of backs, with little to choose among any, and all of them thoroughly first class. Daly, of course, cannot be improved upon at quarter, though, if the need came, Fincke would be an acceptable substitute; Reid, because of his punting, is perhaps a trifle the most desirable at full, though Ellis is the more serviceable in line-bucking; and for the halves are Kendall, Parker, Geirasch, Warren, and Sawin.

Burnett's appearance on the field gives assurance that the snap-back will be fully up to the '98 standard, and, flanked by two such guards as Burden and Boal, the whole centre is certain to be impregnable. The tackle positions with Donald, Swain, Lawrence, and Eaton, and the ends with Hallowell, Campbell, Ristine, assure at least as much strength as last year.

In fact, Campbell has been doing such work as to improve on the standard of either Hallowell or Cochrane, and may turn out to be the first end on the Harvard squad. Ristine's record is also not much below Hallowell's, who, although a dashing, valuable man on the offensive and in the interference, is too frequently fooled for a first-class end. This was painfully evident in the Brown game; for on three separate occasions Brown went around Hallowell's end for good gains—once for twenty yards, again for thirty, and yet again for forty-five.

That kind of work will not do against Yale, and must be bettered.

PREVIOUS to the Indian game, Harvard's play this season has shown great strength on the defence, and persistent and enduring line-battering ability. But with the exception of some elementary, and therefore thoroughly familiar, formations used at the West Point game, the interference generally has been neither well formed nor especially serviceable.

In point of fact, against Brown the Harvard interference was futile. Brown's ends, Bartlett and Cuddy, than whom there are few better, broke it up almost invariably, and on their own behalf helped Brown gain many a yard against Harvard's most determined efforts to stop them.

Harvard really relied upon straight football and heavy, repeated line-plunging in the Brown game, and considering her weight and individual superiority, the eleven points were by no means a score to be especially proud of.

Brown's fast work on the ends prevented the crimson from gaining, except on close line plays, and the experience should not be forgotten by Harvard. Brown really had the better of the punting also.

There was all the indication of tremendous strength in the character of Harvard's play against Brown, but little of the *finesse*, and not a great deal of the snap that should be showing now.

AGAINST the Indians, whom they defeated (22-10) on Saturday, Harvard disclosed the fastest and most brilliant offence of the season, Ellis being chief performer; but they also gave an exhibition of such fumbling as to suggest weakness that may prove costly in important later games.

As it was, Carlisle's first touch-down came as one direct result.

The Indians played a desperately hard and brilliant game, and though they drove through Harvard's centre occasionally, and, near the end of the game, through the tackles when Eaton and Swain had replaced Donald and Lawrence, yet Harvard's distinct superiority was always manifest. Still, Carlisle got near enough to Harvard's line to make three tries for field-goal, one of which scored.

Harvard's defence, though a bit loose at times, was, on the whole, very strong, and will probably be impregnable before Yale is encountered.

ALTHOUGH comparison of the present physical conditions and the records this season of Harvard and Pennsylvania suggests victory for Harvard next Saturday by an overwhelming majority, yet I yield to an impression that we shall be treated to some surprises—not, indeed, to the extent of a Pennsylvania victory, though stranger things than even that have happened on the football-field, but in so far as the disparity in final scores will not be so great as generally expected.

On public form Harvard is two or three touchdowns the better, but who knows what a fumble may accomplish?

Pennsylvania's recent daring shifting of her men, which included sending her great guard McCracken to the back field, and Outland to quarter, seems, judging by her tie game (5-5) with Chicago, to have improved the team's general effectiveness.

When Pennsylvania begins to mend, she will mend rapidly, for there is splendid material on her team which, at the best it might be capable of, should make a close, though I believe a losing, fight with Harvard. The centres will be about evenly matched, with Harvard stronger in the tackles and ends, and better handled at quarter. Hare, McCracken, Outland, and Kennedy are four powerful ground-gainers, but it is team-play that counts in the long-run, and that Pennsylvania seems to have been unable to get this year.

If they could get together by next Saturday, an interesting game would ensue, and, somehow, I look for an interesting one.

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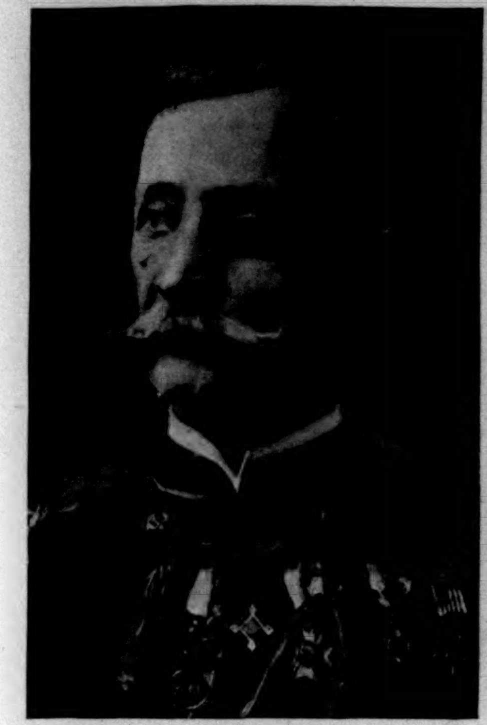

GENERAL GUY V. HENRY.—[See Page 1127.]
Born March 9, 1839. Died October 27, 1899.

Trusts and Industrial Combinations

V.—RAILROADS AND TRUSTS

"THE railroads and the heavy shippers are practically in partnership," remarked, the other day, a man thoroughly familiar with the railroad business. "I have spent the larger part of the afternoon in paying rebates," said a young man employed in a railroad office to a group of his friends who had been spending an hour in discussing the question whether railroads made discriminating rates at the present time. "While I do not pay the scheduled tariff, I am not receiving any preferential rates, because all of my competitors are getting the same," was the statement of the head of a great manufacturing concern who was lately questioned regarding the matter.

Both Mr. Havemeyer of the American Sugar-refining Company and Mr. Archbold of the Standard Oil Company have lately testified that their organizations do not receive any preferential rates, and have offered collateral evidence to the same effect. While their rivals are not willing to acknowledge the truth of these statements, some men, who are thoroughly familiar with the transportation problem, believe them to be true. They argue that it is for the interest of corporations as successful as the Sugar or the Standard Oil to adhere rigidly to the principle of non-discrimination, and to insist that the railroads shall observe the law. A weak and struggling business, when competition is fiercest, may be gradually built up into a monopoly at the expense of its rivals by such discriminations. On the other hand, when substantial monopoly has been reached, discrimination is more dangerous to it than is honest enforcement of the law. Whatever the truth may be in these special instances, there seems to be no question that the railroads at present are making many preferential rates, although it is probable that in most cases there is no direct paying of rebates; and in many cases, while the spirit of the law is violated, its letter is observed. Salaries for nominal services can be paid by the railroads to shippers. Storehouses or elevators can be furnished at a nominal rent. These methods and many others have doubtless been and probably still are employed.

It is natural that railroads should prefer large shippers. They can supply better facilities for loading and unloading, and can thus lessen the cost of labor. The smaller number of consignments lessens the clerical force needed. In general, the whole business of shipping is simplified as the number of shippers lessens and the size of their consignments increases. On the other hand, when several large shippers in different sections of the country unite into a "trust" or monopolistic combination, the railroad is often put at a disadvantage. Goods will be shipped to consumers, in every case, from the nearest factory, and the ton mileage of that industry will be decidedly lessened; but from the stand-point of the public the saving of ton mileage is a benefit.

It has been generally recognized that favors to large shippers are injurious to the community. The inter-State commerce law of 1887 was framed chiefly to prevent these abuses. Before the courts had by interpretation weakened the commission in the eyes of the public, discriminating rates were exceedingly difficult to get; but as soon as the courts made it evident, by their interpretation of the law, that the power of the commission was very strictly limited in determining the reasonableness of rates in establishing a *prima facie* case regarding facts, and in power to secure testimony, the carefulness of railway officials relaxed, and at present it is much easier to secure preferential rates than it was some years ago. Honest shippers do not wish to violate the law, but they must either secure special rates or retire from business. They would be glad to renounce their privileges, provided others were forced to do the same. The railroads, too, would be glad to obey the law, provided they could be sure that their rivals were doing the same. What is the remedy?

One of the most thoughtful of our railroad presidents has lately said that this provision of the inter-State commerce law can never be carried into effect until the Inter-State Commerce Commission is given the power not merely of prescribing for the railroads their methods of bookkeeping, but also the power of inspection of their books. If the commission, then, were to employ trained railroad auditors to search out hidden evasions of the law, much could be accomplished.

At the Chicago conference on trusts Bourke Cockran suggested that discrimination in railway rates be made a felony, and that railway officials engaging in the practice be punished accordingly. Judging from the experience with railway officers immediately after the passage of the inter-State commerce law, prominent shippers believe that this would be a substantial strengthening of the present law.

The final solution, in the minds of many, especially of those who are inclined toward socialistic views, is the ownership and management of the railways by the state.

Whatever the remedies may be, there can be no doubt that the evils still exist; but it should also be kept in mind that the charge that the trusts are created chiefly by these discriminations is not substantiated. Not merely the monopolies, but all large shippers, are helped—and perhaps especially those engaged in the fiercest competition.

W.

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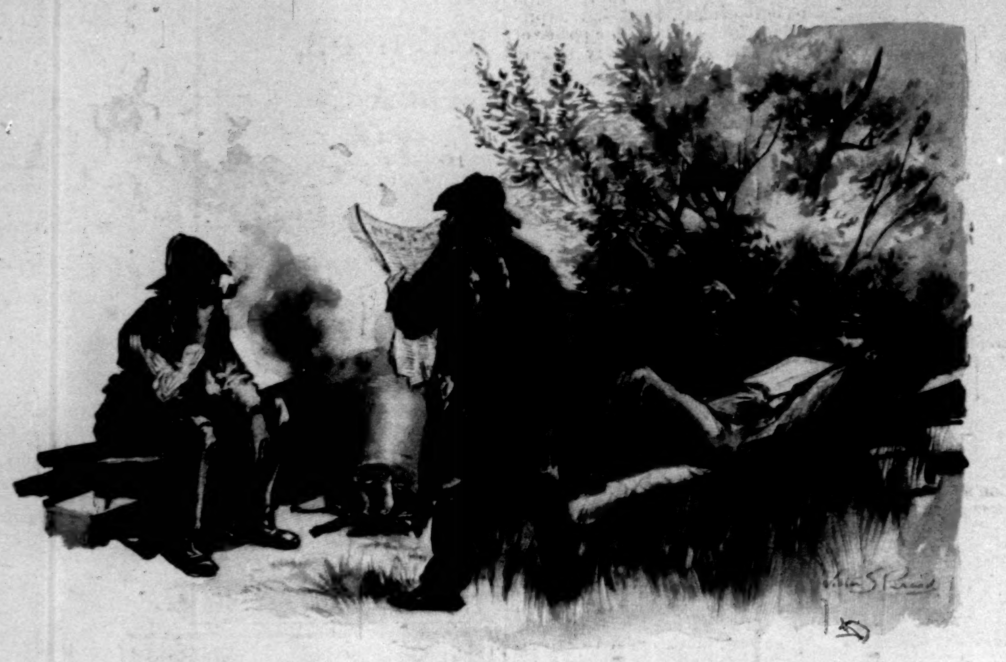
THE TRAMP'S POLITICS.

By Josiah Flynt



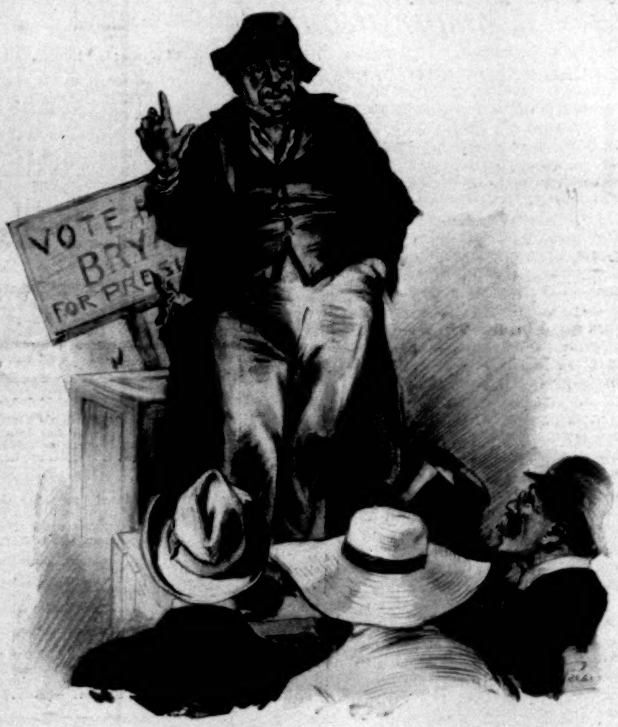
DISCUSSING POLITICS AT THE "HANG-OUT."

ALTHOUGH tramps have no comprehensive political organization, and take but little interest in voting, except when their ballots bring in hard cash, they are great talkers on political questions of the day, and are continually championing the cause of some well-known political leader. As a class they may be called "Geister die stets verneinen"—they are almost invariably in opposition to the party in power. Since the last Presidential election Mr. William Jennings Bryan has been the hero of the majority of them, and they expect of him, if his ambition to be President is ever gratified, a release from all the troubles which they think are now oppressing the country, and particularly their own class. They have, without doubt, misconstrued a great deal that Mr. Bryan has said in his speeches and writings; they have pinned their faith to him without carefully considering his promises; but in something that he has said or done, or in his personality, they have discovered, they think, the elements of leadership, and the political platform which, for the nonce, at any rate, they admire. There is not a man in the country at the present moment for whom they would shout as much and in whose honor they would get as drunk as for Mr. Bryan. They know very little concerning his theories about silver, beyond the expression "The Cross of Gold," and they are very scantily informed in regard to his notions about expansion and imperialism; but he represents for them, as probably no other political leader ever did, revolution and upheaval, and it is on such things that they expect to thrive.

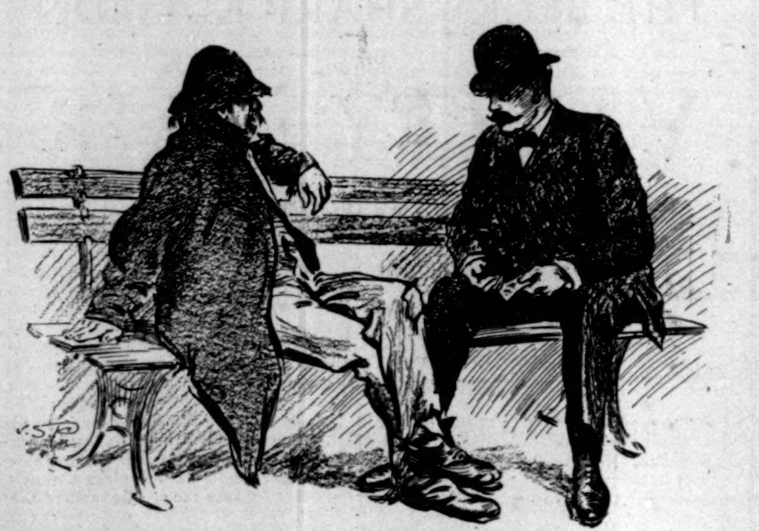
The burden of practically all the palavers is, "the way the country is going to the dogs." It comes as natural to the tramp to declare that the United States are in dire peril as it does to the German Socialist to say that Germany is a miserable "Polizei-Staat." He does not honestly believe all that he says, and it needs but a scurrilous remark about our country from some foreign roadster to startle him into a pugnacious patriotism; but in the bosom of his "hang-out" he takes delight in explaining what a bad plight the country is in. This is really his political creed. Free trade, protection, civil service reform, the currency question, pensions, and expansion are mere side issues in his opinion. The real issue is what he considers the frightful condition of our internal affairs. From Maine to California the tramps may be heard chattering by the hour on this topic, and they have singled out Mr. Bryan as their spokesman because they think that he voices their pessimism better than any other man in public view.

It came as a surprise to me, when first getting acquainted with tramps, to find that they were such grumblers and critics—such "Nörgler," as Kaiser Wilhelm says. I had pictured them as a class which managed to live more or less successfully, whether any one else got on or not, and had imagined that they were, comparatively speaking, at peace with the world. That they troubled themselves with public questions and political problems was a thought that had not occurred to me. The fact is, however, that they are as fierce political partisans as the country contains, and in talking with them one must be careful not to let an argument go beyond what in polite society would be considered rather narrow bounds. They are quick to resort to fists in all discussions, and in my intercourse with them it has paid best to let them do most of the talking when politics has been the topic of conversation.

It would take a book, and a large one at that, to report all the evidence that they advance at "hang-out" conferences in support of their statements concerning the evils from which they believe the country is now suffering, but no account of their political notions, no matter how short, should fail to take note of their rantings against capital and what they consider the political corruption of the country. Nearly every conversation they have on politics begins with some wild assertion in regard to one or the other of these topics, and Mr. Bryan's name is invariably dragged into the discussion. They believe that he hates the man who has saved money and understands how to make it earn more, quite as much as they do, and they will be very much disappointed in him, in case he is ever elected President, if he does not suggest legislation by which the rich man can be made "to shell out his coin." On no subject do the tramps use such violent language as on this one of the capitalist. They think that it is he who has imported all the foreign labor in the country—another eyesore, in their opinion; who has made England the real "boss" of things on this side of the Atlantic—a notion which they claim to have dug out of Mr. Bryan's speeches; who has reduced the wages of the "poor workin'-man" and increased the cost of living; and, worst of all, who is now trying to take away from them what they consider their inalienable railroad privileges. They hold him answerable also for the trusts and syndicates, agitation against which they require from any political party in which they take an interest. They have thought seriously over these matters about as much as a ten-year-old child has, but that does not matter. They do not propose to think hard about anything. Mr. Bryan is for the present doing all the thinking which they consider necessary, and they are content merely to repeat in their own jargon statements which he has made, or which they think he has made. He has become for them an infallible oracle, who understands them and their position, and whom they understand. In the bottom of their hearts they know that they are deserving of precious little championship, that they lead despicable lives and commit some very reprehensible deeds; but it is a consolation to them, which they cannot let go, to think that Mr. Bryan includes them in his classification of victims of the "gold-bugs," and so they try to make propaganda for him. The time was when many of them shouted for Henry George and "General" Coxey as vociferously as they now shout for Bryan. They expected from both George and Coxey the same overthrow of their imaginary oppressors and general upheaval of things that they now look forward to from Mr. Bryan. They were once also enamoured of Mr. Blaine, but for a different reason. They admired the way he championed the cause of Americans who got into trouble in foreign parts. When he was Secretary of State it was a temporary fad among them to scold about the way Americans were treated abroad, and on one occasion, the details of which I have forgotten, Mr. Blaine pleased them immensely by insisting on the release of an American who had been falsely arrested in some foreign port.



DELIVERING HIS OPINIONS.



STAKING A "COLONIZER."

Not all of the tramp's talk is merely negative and critical; some of it is also positive and constructive. They think that they know what they want in the way of government, as well as what they do not want. Speaking generally, they favor a kind of state socialism, to be prefaced, however, by a general cataclysm, in which existing social conditions are to be entirely revolutionized, and out of which the poor, and more particularly the outcast, are to come victorious. They make no attempt to elaborate in conversation the details either of the convulsion or of the new order of things which is to follow; generalities alone interest them, and they scorn inquiries as to how their theories are to be put into practice. That Mr. Bryan is in sympathy with their notion of the extensive powers that the government ought to have is proved for them by the fact that he believes that silver can be given its rightful place in our monetary system merely by an enactment of Congress or by command of the President. They recognize no laws in politics other than those which man makes. That there are natural laws and economic facts over which man has no control is a matter which they have never taken into consideration. I refer to the rank and file of the tramp army. There are individual men who do not subscribe to what I have given as the political philosophy of the majority of the tramps—men, indeed, who laugh at the thought of a tramp having any political notions at all—but they are exceptions. The average roadster considers himself as justified in stating his political opinions, and working for them if he is so inclined, as does the working-man—even more, because he thinks that he has the time to formulate his ideas, whereas the working-man is kept busy merely earning his bread.

It would be unjust to Mr. Bryan to say that the tramps have got this notion from him, but the trouble is that Mr. Bryan preaches from texts so easily misunderstood by the class of people to which tramps and criminals belong, that he does a great deal of harm to the country and materially hurts his own cause. Not only the tramp, but also thousands of working-men expect of him, in case he is successful in his ambition, things which he can no more give them than can the humblest of his admirers; yet both the tramp and the working-man believe that they have promises from him which justify them in expecting what they do. He is a victim of his own "gift of gab," as the tramp dubs his oratory. He has talked so much and so loosely that the tramps have read into his words assurance of changes which he can never bring about. Of course it is not to be expected that he or any other man in his position should put much store by what such a constituency as the tramps thinks of him, but the tramp's exaggerated notions of his policy are symptomatic of the man's influence on people. What the tramp particularly likes about him is his doctrine of discontent.

The Ghetto: its Foes and Champions

So much has been said and written of late about the Jews and their respective ghettos — historical and modern—that one might be justified in wondering how "the chosen people" relish their unexpected—I could almost say spasmodic—notoriety. In Russia, where the Jew question is a permanent fixture and its ultimate solution a mystery, the ghetto's most fervent prayer is to be forgotten, to be let alone in its obscurity. It is different here. The ghetto on this side of the Atlantic has its explorers and its students, its advocates and champions. There are those who will on all occasions defend with refreshing vigor the threadbare truth that the Jews as a nation can no more be idealized for its martyrs than it can be "Dreyfusized" for its Shylocks and Fagins. There are others who would wage deadly war upon a harmless scribe for the heinous crime of holding up the little foibles and superstitions of the Jews for laughter and applause upon a public stage. Henceforth, it would seem, our orthodox Hebrews may serenely toil and sweat, deal and barter, in their own prosaic, if seldom dramatic, fashion, leaving all subtler questions of Judaism to their Christian brethren possessing both time and skill to do them justice, and incidentally inflict well-merited punishment upon erring Israel, if they forget.

Unfortunately for the children of Gotham's ghetto (not "the Zangwill play"), their over-zealous champions occasionally hit the wrong nail. It is just this alleged fear of the race to acquaint the secular world with its labyrinth of laws and customs, rites and traditions, that fostered the monstrous belief of ignorant peasants in the existence of a Judaic law demanding Christian blood for Passover services. The ghetto—and as such it exists only in the imagination of men and fiction with a leaning toward things mediæval—has no cause to fear or blush for its religion, its laws and their one million and one of "Don'ts," revered by some and ignored by others. The ghetto of the twentieth century, whether it bear the stamp of London, Amsterdam, or New York, does no more resemble the Roman ghetto of old, with its awe-inspiring, spirit-crushing gates, than Greater New York resembles the Gotham of Rip Van Winkle.

A whole world in itself, and yet a mere drop of the great roaring sea of humanity, it is rent by all the passions, loves, and hatreds human flesh is heir to, without for a moment losing its equilibrium—that wonderful safeguard which for centuries past alone has kept it alive in the face of cruel tempests and of raging storms. The ghetto can scarcely be accused of suffering from self-love. It is its own severest critic; and yet it is tolerant — a great deal more so than some of its champions imagine. It hugely enjoys a clever joke at its own expense, and laughs out cheerful gusts at a sharp thrust without venom behind it. This is illustrated in the plays produced nightly at the three Bowery theatres. Those are typical Jewish plays for Jewish audiences by Jewish authors. In his modest Yiddish the true poet of the ghetto presents his audiences, from time to time, with true, if not always artistic, depictions of the ghetto's darkest features. He for one has no fear of the orthodox community's adverse criticism. They are the very men and women he appeals to—the big children whose great passions and petty strifes and wrangles he faithfully mirrors. And who is to blame if the reflection is seldom flattering? Perhaps the most striking exhibition of such a merciless ridiculing and impeachment of a nation's traditions and their inadaptability to the present conditions of life is being shown this very moment to the children of Gotham's ghetto. Yet, instead of rising in holy revolt against author and actor, as some would have them, they reward the bold production with a success unprecedented in the history of the Yiddish stage. I speak of Jacob Gordin's drama, "The Slaughter."

It is sufficient to say that the play has as its principal figure a learned, formally religious monster of a Jew, twice-widowed, to whom a Rabbi and his wife give their daughter, a frail hypersensitive maiden, in marriage. Leading an adulterous life, he finds refuge behind the Talmud. The parents of his young wife, fearing disgrace and want, implore their daughter to return to her husband, who has treated her with inhuman cruelty, and whom she finally slays, crazed with her suffering.

Here, as in "The Children of the Ghetto," obedience to her father costs the heroine the happiness of her life. Farther than that the two plays have nothing in common. Yet no one feels more keenly the horrors of "The Slaughter" than the bearded men and quaint little women that shed their warmest tears in their gallery seats of the old Thalia, that laugh their merriest at the flashes of wit at their own expense. For do not these heroes represent these very men and women that listen open-mouthed, listen and ponder, reflect and learn? Decidedly the ghetto is its own severest critic. Loath to recognize in Mr. Zangwill its prophet or historian, it has no scores to settle with the author "of the Zangwill play." NATHAN M. BABAD.

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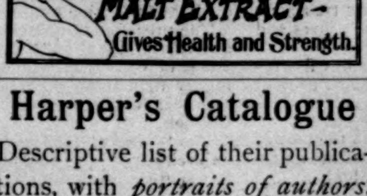
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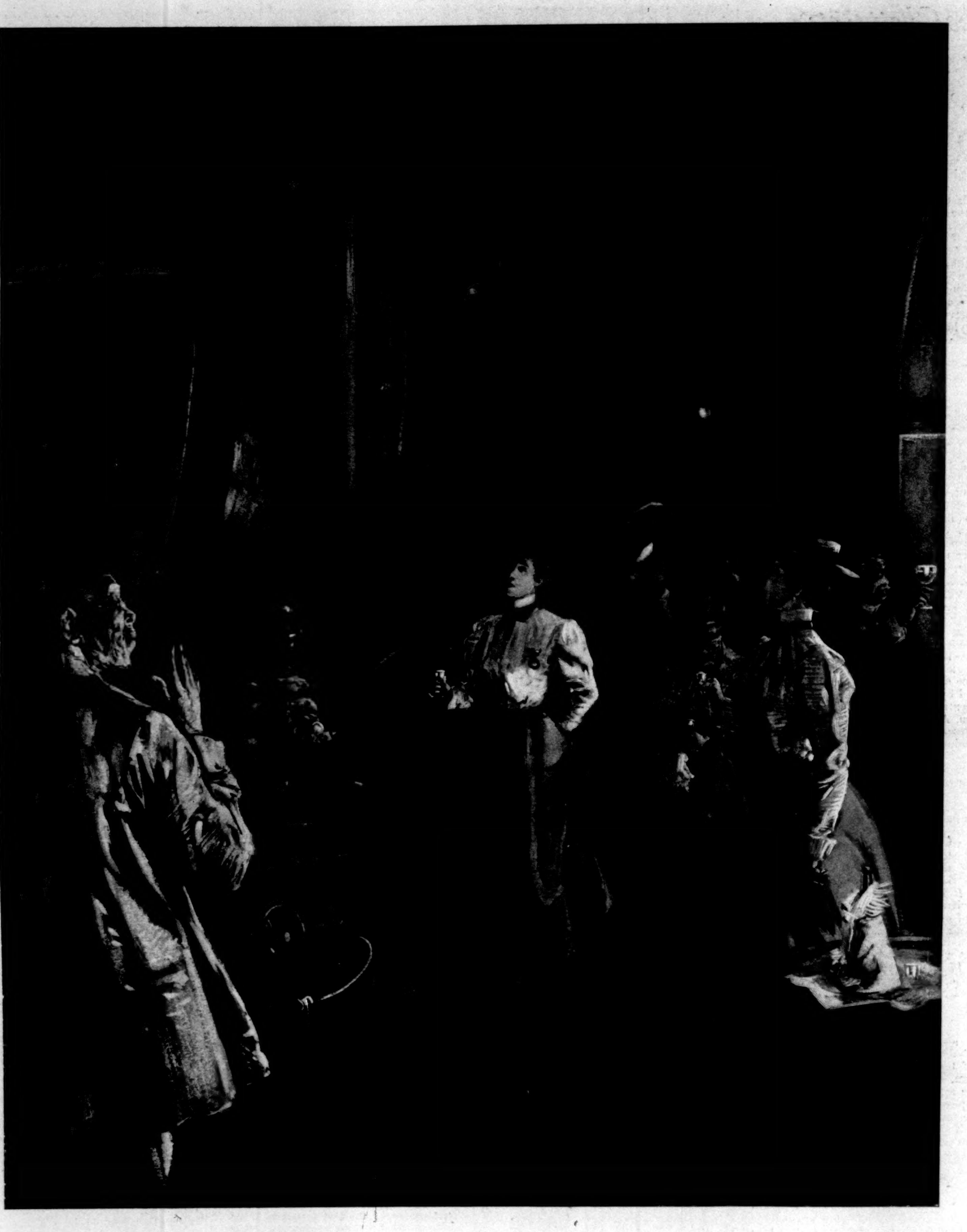
The World of Finance

A GENERAL advance in commodity transportation rates throughout the Western section of the country is the natural result of the magnitude of business offering to the railroads at all points, and railway managers will have no excuse to offer if rates are not maintained absolutely this winter. It will not be a question of obtaining business, but one of handling the freight that presses for transportation, and no road will be at the necessity of putting forward special inducements in order to secure it. Thus long trains of empty cars will not be seen, and every wheel will add to the earnings and net revenue. As business can be done cheaper in proportion to volume, the net earnings will be comparatively larger when each engine is drawing all the load possible, and dividends are in sight for stockholders who have had long, weary years of waiting. A good idea of the preparations making by the railroad companies is got from the list of orders for freight-cars taken recently by the American Car and Foundry Company. This list includes 9750 cars for the New York Central, 3000 for the Lehigh Valley, 500 for the New Haven, 2700 for the Reading, and 500 for the Delaware and Hudson, making a total of about $14,000,000 of orders received in one week from these Eastern roads, besides orders somewhat smaller in volume received from Western roads. This car-manufacturing company alone has orders booked now amounting to over $22,000,000, and the Pullman Company is equally pressed to meet the demand for rolling stock. On notice of an intention to advance the price of steel rails, orders aggregating 1,500,000 tons were placed with the five large rail-making concerns in the East by railroads in the United States. These orders will consume about one-fourth of the total output of steel of the furnaces of this country, and means that the price of steel will not decline at least in the coming year. In the West, the net earnings of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company for the first quarter of the current fiscal year increased over 120 per cent.

There seems now no part of the country that has not the promise of its share of prosperity, and no week passes without announcements that wages have been raised by manufacturing, railroad, and other companies, than which we could have no better guarantee that the occupation of the labor-agitator is gone. It is hard to foster discontent among wage-earners who share with their employers the benefit of their own labor.

In Wall Street the influence of higher rates for money has been overcome by the reports of the profits ensuing from its active employment. Phenomenal returns are still coming in from the railroads, and the industrial corporations are not a whit behind. The industrials have suffered because of the unfortunate circumstances in which one company was placed by the difficulty in getting its paper discounted. The American Malting Company controls a prosperous business, and its profits have been fairly up to the expectations of its promoters, but they made the grave mistake of providing a working capital inadequate to the company's requirements, a situation that must be met and amended. The reaction that occurred in New York Central shares after the announcement of the purposed sale at par, to stockholders, of fifteen millions of additional stock, was due primarily to the custom of taking profits as soon as the public is taken into the confidence of the insiders, but it must be said also that the plan of issuing new capital to pay for rolling stock evoked some criticism. Another instance of taking profits was seen in the course of Pullman stock after the notification of the absorption of the Wagner. It seems that it cannot be otherwise, but it is unfortunate that such transactions should be conducted in such a way that the managers, who are trustees for the stockholders, and their intimates should have the opportunity to trade upon information which becomes public property only after the insiders have made their ventures in the stock-market. The same thing is likely to happen when the war now waging between the gas companies is settled. Rumor-mongers and stock jobbers have been busy with this situation, and periodical announcements of a settlement have been made, only to be denied. The contest is an interesting one, and one of its curious phases is the possibility that the older and richer corporation may be tired out by the younger, and, in one sense, weaker. The New Amsterdam Company is thought to supply about twenty-five per cent. of the gas used on the island. Its weakness, compared with its important rival, lies in the fact that it has a considerable bonded indebtedness, while the other has almost none. Should the New Amsterdam, therefore, fail to meet its fixed charges, a receivership would be inevitable. But in the hands of a receiver it would be a more formidable rival still, for his aim would be to enlarge the list of consumers, and having no interest or dividends to pay, he could afford to lower the price still more to accomplish this. On the other hand, the Consolidated Gas Company is managed by financiers of great ability and large experience.



THE WINE-VAULT IN A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA VINEYARD.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

A California Vineyard

THE introduction of the visitor from the Eastern States into California is accomplished in such a way as to give him a most gorgeous impression of the productiveness of that beautiful country. For days he is carried through mountains and over plains as naked and verdureless as the surface of the moon, and from this he is suddenly transported into a region all roses and palms, orange groves and vineyards.

All his knowledge of the trim lawns and sober flowers and trees of the East is separated by an experience of desert wastes from the prodigal display that nature holds in store for him on the Pacific slope.

There seems to be a general disposition on the part of the Californians to help nature along in making things pleasant for the stranger, and he is carried about and shown exaggerated rose-bushes, shrubs, and geranium-trees until his sense of proportion is completely destroyed. A visit to one of the famous vineyards is essential, for there the glory of the California soil and climate is concentrated in the grape and preserved in the raisin and the wine.

The making of wine is probably the oldest of the important industries of California, for the first vineyards were planted by the priests of the old Spanish missions; but it was not until from about 1856 to 1860 that the cultivation of the vine became general. The success with which foreign vines can be grown on California soil has made possible the enormous advance in the quantity and quality of the wine produced since that time.

The processes of manufacture are being so perfected by experience that there is every reason to believe that the wines of California will in time rank as high as if not higher than those of France and Italy. No handsomer sight can be imagined than one of the vineyards near San Gabriel.

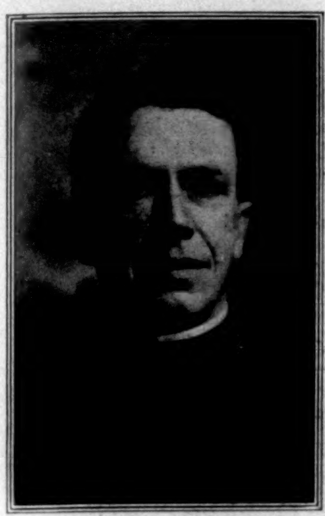
The "winery" or wine-vaults are approached through an archway of the fragrant pepper-trees. Orange and lemon trees break up the long stretches of vine-covered fields, and the house is surrounded by palms and flowering shrubs.

But the interesting centre is the wine-vault, where an old and wrinkled Chinaman has been in charge for years, and knows the contents and age of every great tun and vat, hogshead and cask, in the place. A huge cask that lies in the centre of the vault he taps significantly as he tells you it contains five thousand gallons of angelica. Other casks hold from one to three thousand gallons of various sweet white and red wines. What might easily be mistaken for the hand-engines of a village fire company are the pumps used for filling or emptying the great wine-vats. At a rough calculation there were at least half a million gallons of wine stored in this vault. A visitor to the vineyard would wound the pride of the old Chinaman in charge if he did not at least go through the motions of tasting his old angelica.

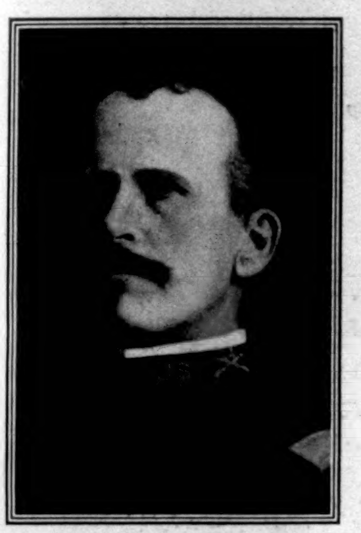
It is a matter of custom to offer all visitors, either in the sampling-room or out amongst the great tuns in the vaults, a glass of the oldest and choicest wines.

The people of California are naturally greater wine-drinkers than the people of the East, yet I do not remember to have seen a drunken man in the State during a month spent there. This of course is negative testimony, but it indicates at least that hard drinking is not particularly prevalent in California.

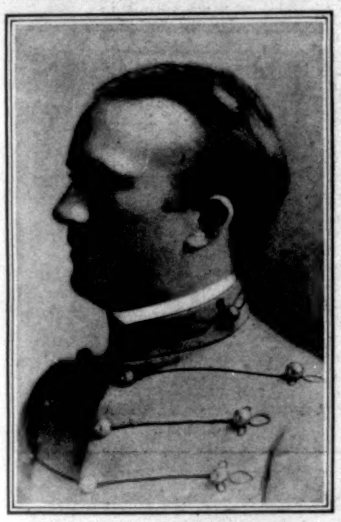
W. A. Rogers.



MAJ. GUY HOWARD, U. S. V.
Killed on the Pasig River, October 18.



CAPT. B. ELDRIDGE, U. S. A.
14th Infantry. Killed at Imus, October 3.



LIEUT. H. Y. GRUBBS, U. S. A.
6th Infantry. Killed in Western Negros.

General Henry

IN the death of Major-General Guy Vernor Henry the army and the country have lost not only a commanding officer distinguished as well for his qualities as a leader as for his personal bravery, but a man who, in meeting the difficult situations growing out of our first governmental dealings with an alien people in Puerto Rico, showed himself possessed of administrative ability in a high degree.

General Henry was born in Fort Smith, Indian Territory, March 9, 1839. Appointed to the Military Academy from New York in 1856, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the regular army May 6, 1861, and promoted First Lieutenant eight days later. Much of his civil-war service was seen as Colonel of the Fortieth Massachusetts Infantry, and he received several brevets for gallantry, and a medal of honor from Congress for bravery at Cold Harbor.

On the outbreak of the war with Spain he was commissioned Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and in December, 1898, serving during the Puerto-Rican campaign, was promoted Major-General in recognition of his tactful, progressive performance of the duties of military governor of Puerto Rico. He was commissioned Brigadier-General in the regular establishment last October.

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